Vol. CXLV. No. 1884.

All Clear—"TripleX" Safety Glass

THE BYSTANDER January 24, 1940

# The BYSTANDER

A. G. Macdonell : D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Douglas Reed : Bruce Bairnsfather : Herbert Farjeon

1/-

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.
12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

By Appointment to the late King George V

Charles Heidsieck

Champagne · Reims

1928 VINTAGE

FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to The Late KING GEORGE V.

Brandy and

ROSS'S

Ginger Ale

—a fine pick-me-up

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

DINNEFORD'S

pure fluid MAGNESIA

for Delicate Stomachs

Heartburn, flatulence, biliousness and heaviness after meals, in short, all those distressing symptoms to which those with delicate stomachs are prone, are safely and effectively relieved by Dinneford's, which is as reliable as it is certain. Dinneford's is peculiarly adapted for *delicate constitutions, and for Ladies, Children and Infants.*

BLAND · SAFE · EFFECTIVE

PRICE ONE SHILLING ... OFFICES, LONDON ... PARIS ... Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

*Interesting Announcement...*

*Tailoring and Dressmaking to Order at Special Prices until February 17*

Tailoring from .. .. 9½ gns.

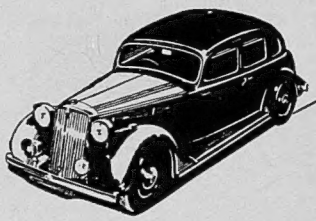
Dressmaking from .. 8½ gns.

A design for the Classic Tailormade on severe lines, with broad shoulders and link button fastening. The skirt is slim and straight with a panel front. Made to order from 12½ gns.
Original Jewelled flower-spray buttonhole in coloured enamel and fine paste - - - - - - - - - - - - 4½ gns.

**Debenham & Freebody**

LANgham 4444. WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams, Ltd.)

**EXIT DEPRECIATION**



The Rover Company is being called upon for an increasing amount of specialised Government work — the manufacture of new Rovers is therefore increasingly limited. It follows that the Rover of to-day is more than ever a sound investment. With good care it is possible that not only will it not depreciate, it will actually appreciate in value. And in the meantime its Freewheel (long a standard Rover component) cuts running costs, and such features as Automatic Chassis Lubrication reduce maintenance problems.

# ROVER

*One of Britain's Fine Cars*

THE ROVER CO. LTD., COVENTRY. SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, W.1

CVS—355

The Bystander, January 24, 1940 No. 1884. Vol. CXLV.

# The Bystander

*Angus McBean*

## Surrealist Accident

Looking like one of those Surrealist-style portrait-photographs by Angus McBean (who took this picture), Beatrice Lillie laughs her way through Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" when it falls on her head in a sketch in *All Clear*. In the sketch, called "House Warming," she is Miss Bloggs, a maddening female who can't keep her finger out of other people's pies—in this case the pattern of furniture and pictures in her friend's new flat. The friend, watching spellbound the wreck of her favourite reproduction, is Moya Nugent. More pictures of the revue at the Queen's, and especially of Miss Lillie, are on pp. 110-11

# The Passing Hour

## Wartime Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

THE chief impressions left by the eagerly awaited debate last week on the Hore-Belisha resignation seem to have been admiration for the ex-War Minister's restrained and dignified statement, a different kind of admiration for the Prime Minister's determined stone-walling, surprise at the Commons' calm acceptance that no explanation was to be given them. Mr. Chamberlain denied every rumoured reason for Mr. Hore-Belisha's resignation, admitting only that he "had become aware of difficulties which perhaps I might describe as arising out of the very great qualities of my right hon. friend." Since in Mr. Chamberlain's view the possession of these qualities unfitted Mr. Hore-Belisha to continue as War Minister, the latter's reason for refusing the Board of Trade is readily understandable. He refused it, he said, because he could not feel sure that "the considerations which had persuaded the Prime Minister to make the change would allow of my energetic discharge, in the national interest, of the other office." For what office, then, can Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Hore-Belisha agree that these qualities would be suitable? This is an important matter to those who would like to see the ex-War Minister's vigour and energy and originality again on active service in a State department.

ONE sentence from Mr. Hore-Belisha's speech is sure to be quoted in future whenever Army promotion is in question. "It did not occur to me," he remarked, "that we were making the Army too democratic to fight for democracy."

I AM writing this page this week under somewhat difficult circumstances, because I am leaving at a moment's notice for Scandinavia, to have a look at conditions there at first-hand. So I am afraid you may find "The Passing Hour" this time a little out-of-date. On the other hand, when I return next week, "The Passing Hour" will be the snappiest and most up-to-date page in the whole of British journalism. It's the old story of swings and roundabouts.

MORE and more the attention of the world is focussing on the Balkans. Germany has only three possible strategies, either to sit tight and hope that mines will destroy us, or to attack through the Low Countries, or to go down to the Balkans. Obviously mines are not going to destroy us. Obviously an attack through the Low Countries exposes them to tremendous risks. So the mechanised advance in spring through the plains of Hungary towards the Rumanian oil-wells is the most likely of the three. The meeting of the Italian and Hungarian Ministers, Counts Ciano and Csaky, is a good deal more than a straw in the wind. It shows pretty clearly that Signor Mussolini is watching the Balkans with all his famous far-sightedness and Italian subtlety.

IT makes one almost despair that, at a time when the free countries are fighting for their lives, one of the essential links in the chain should have been struck by a disastrous earthquake. The Turkish calamity is not only appalling from the point of view of human suffering, but it may make a big difference in the swing of international power. Great Britain and France obviously must rush financial help to the Turks, just as they must rush Bren guns and small-arms ammunition to the Finns.

AS everybody knows, there is a party-political truce. All three parties have agreed to put the winning of the war first and foremost, and to leave party strife until Hitler has been properly dealt with. This truce applies to parliamentary politics and municipal politics alike. But some odd things are happening. For example, in November a seat on the Manchester City Council, which had been held for sixteen years by an Independent, fell vacant. It was filled by a Conservative. In December there was a vacant Labour seat on the Surbiton Council. A Labour nominee was rejected by the Council by twenty-five votes to five by the Tory majority. When is a truce not a truce?

THE *Economist* has published a small pamphlet on the subject of the economic front, and everybody ought to buy it (sixpence) and study it carefully. It is a grave and serious warning to us all that economics are the essential factor in the war, and that they are in some degree or other the business of every one of us. At the moment, the entire country seems to be one enormous ostrich, and that includes, according to the *Economist*, the Government itself.

A FEW weeks ago, I wrote about what I considered a gross scandal at Maryport, in Cumberland. A working-man's club had been attacked by a mob, and the local police made no attempt whatever to preserve law and order. The National Council for Civil Liberties took the matter up, and the Chief Constable of Cumberland presented a blank wall. He refused to take any action. The Council were not to be put off by this. They pursued the matter, and have now succeeded in getting compensation for the club out of the police, to the extent of about ten pounds. No satisfaction has been obtained about the behaviour of the police-constables, so the result is more or less a compromise. But, without the National Council, not even a compromise could have been obtained.

MY FRIEND Mr. Douglas Woodruff has told me that Signor Mussolini was faced with a difficult problem when it came to sending a Christmas present to Hitler. He wanted to send him a book. The problem then arose, what book should it be? Obviously it had to be something glorifying the past history of Rome, therefore it had to be a history.

***F.A.N.Y.s for Finland:*** *shortly after her appointment as Commandant-in-Chief of the Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.), Princess Alice Countess of Athlone inspected one of her units going on active service. Under the command of Miss Mary Runciman (left), an ambulance unit, staffed by F.A.N.Y. volunteers, is joining the Finnish Red Cross, held its farewell parade outside the Finnish Legation. The ten ambulances are presented by the Canadian Red Cross, the B.R.R.C. (Scottish branch), and F.A.N.Y. officers. They are specially fitted for sub-Arctic service, and clothing and equipment of the members themselves has been expertly planned for Finnish winter weather. Behind the Princess here is Major-General Sir Evan Gibb, Hon. Colonel, W.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.)*

***French Armaments Minister,*** *M. Raoul Dautry, was over here last week to confer with our Minister of Supply, Mr. Leslie Burgin (right). M. Dautry is a railway expert, carried out the post-war reconstruction of the French lines, was Director-in-Chief of the State Railways from 1928 to 1937. Through the National Economic Council he has also dealt with housing, aviation, shipping, public works. He became Arms Minister two weeks after war broke out*

***French Press:*** *nine leading members of the French Newspaper Proprietors' Association also came to England last week, as British Council guests. Here are six of them—plus Mr. H. N. Hall (centre back) of the British Embassy, Paris. They are M. Ch. Houssaye, managing director and vice-chairman, Havas News Agency; M. Chastenet, director, "Le Temps"; M. Gaubert, vice-president, Fédération Nationale des Journaux Français; M. Marsillac, director, "Le Journal"; M. Brisson, director, "Le Figaro"; M. Jean Dupuy, proprietor, "Le Petit Parisien." "Le Populaire," "Le Journal" and "Paris-Soir" were also represented. Their five-day visit covered an immensely full programme*

But he could not send Cæsar's *De Bello Gallico*, because that is a record of Italian conquest of France, and that would not be at all tactful. He could not send a book of Tacitus, because Tacitus almost obsequiously admires the Germans, and that would not have been suitable either. So the Duce chose Livy, who does not deal very much with Roman wars in France or Germany. The solution was perfect. The book was handsomely bound and despatched to Berchtesgaden. I cannot find out what Hitler sent in return.

MR. HERBERT METCALFE is a magistrate of distinction and renown, but surely he slipped up the other day at his police-court in Old Street, when a couple of lads were jugged for using insulting words, and for behaving improperly towards a special constable. Mr. Metcalfe on the evidence very rightly convicted them and fined them forty shillings each, but he added, "I will not let a couple of young ruffians like the accused, especially one with a name like Riscovitch, behave in such a manner." What exactly had the man's name to do with it?

MY elder brother has just come back from India on a liner which was almost entirely populated by Australian and New Zealand officers on their way to the war. Conversation in the bar (whatever that is) seems to have turned almost entirely on the body-line controversy, and my brother reports that the Australians were very reasonable on the subject. But apparently they have other qualities. When I asked him what sort of people they were, he said, shaking his head rather gloomily: "Charming people, charming people, but tough citizens, very tough." So the history of Gallipoli, Fromelles, Vimy, Courcelette, Pozières and Villers-Bretonneux looks like being repeated. Anyway, the Germans will know soon.

MR. R. S. LAMBERT'S autobiography, *Ariel and All His Quality*, having given us the "low-down," according to the publishers, on life in the B.B.C., we are now on the edge—at least, I hope we are—of another sidelight on that august institution. Mr. Eric Maschwitz, the lively director of vaudeville for so many years, is writing the story of his life in the *Sunday Chronicle*. He has finished his experiences as a waiter, an assistant stage-manager, and a down-and-out, and is just reaching his life in Broadcasting House. Mr. Maschwitz is one of the fantastic figures of the age. At one moment he soars over Hollywood; at another he draws four pounds a week in the Censorship Office in Liverpool. I fancy he will be soaring again soon.

AND now, about to step into the aeroplane to fly to the Far North (exclusively on your behalf, of course), I salute you, one and all, and I sincerely trust that in ten days' time I will be saluting you again. If not, no flowers by request.

***French posters*** *and cartoons of the last war make an exhibition at Selfridge's which was opened last week by the Marquis de Castellane, First Secretary at the French Embassy (here with Mr. A. E. Cowper). The arresting appeal of the three here visible makes a notable contrast to our own watery letterpress publicity of this war: and although a panel of about a dozen artists for propaganda is registered by the Government, none has so far been employed*

# Sanity Fare

## By Douglas Reed

### The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

***Within Hitler's Walls***

I HAVE obtained and absorbedly read two German documents. They show how clearly Hitler's enemies in Germany long ago saw what was coming; in contrast to people here, who are even now in the puzzled, curiouser-and-curiouser state of mind about this war.

The first document is an order issued in May 1939, months before the war, to his shadow organisation in Germany by Otto Strasser, brother of the Nazi leader whom Hitler killed. It foretold an attack on Poland in "the late summer"; the rapid destruction of Poland; then a *defensive*, not an *offensive*, war, limited to sea and air operations, against France and Britain.

***Seeds of Revolution***

THE second document is dated July 1939, and is even closer in its forecast. It announces the coming attack on Poland as beyond all doubt, and foretells the exact course of it—a concentric attack by four German armies leading to the destruction of Poland in about three weeks. It foresees, further, that the German people will stand unanimously behind Hitler in the Polish campaign, and that a British intervention, if one comes, will at first only make the popular slogan of Perfidious Albion more popular than ever.

This document is a report made by Strasser's men *in* Germany and smuggled out to him. Both show an uncannily small margin of error in forecasting the first stage of the war; both then discuss how best the situation can be exploited, the seeds of revolution fostered by Otto Strasser's anti-Hitlerist, but also anti-Communist and anti-Fascist Black Front inside Germany.

***From Defence to Attack?***

IN this matter, both documents, again, agree that at a later stage in the war Hitler will begin a great offensive against the Western Powers (in this they may be wrong, I fancy). Otto Strasser, for instance, says that Hitler can no more escape the great offensive against the West than could Ludendorff in 1917, and has no more chance of success.

Both these pre-war documents foresaw heavy Franco-British air attacks on Germany. Adding these two factors together—that Germany would at last learn the taste of that war which she has waged in a dozen countries in the last twenty-five years, but has never felt herself, and that an offensive against the Western Powers would also be begun which the Germans in their hearts would know they could not win—both these documents foresaw, at that stage, the development of the "revolutionary situation" in Germany. The point would have been reached at which they could come into the open and try to overthrow Hitler.

***Slow Motion***

I THINK these forecasts of last year, coming from people so well informed and so implacable in their hatred of Hitler, are extremely interesting. Their calculation has been at least retarded, and the revolutionary situation in Germany thus remains only latent. Firstly, no Franco-British air attacks have been made; Germany, almost alone of the countries in Europe outside Scandinavia, still has scarcely known war inside her walls for nearly a century, though in that time she has continually made war outside them.

Secondly, Hitler's Great Offensive against the West has not come.

***Will It Come?***

I ONLY wish it would; it would be enchanting if Hitler would repeat everything that Ludendorff did. If it comes, our way to victory is perceptible, and if it does not come, nothing more is perceptible than that we can ward off defeat.

But for my life I cannot understand why people expect it. They think the Germans burn to die in mortal combat with us. They do not; they burn to destroy us, and if they cannot achieve that they would sooner lurk behind the West Wall in the hope that we shall yet give them the opportunity.

I think German strategy, more and more clearly, is to keep that mighty army and air force as nearly intact as possible, in the hope that, because of it, Germany's enemies would one day conclude a peace which might ultimately prove to be another German victory. I can imagine Germany gulping down Denmark, for foodstuffs, or Rumania, for oil, or Holland, to be better placed for fairly cheap air raids on ourselves. But the Great Offensive against the Western Powers? I only hope they try it; it would simplify everything.

***They Learn Not, Neither Do They Forget***

LORD LONDONDERRY, inevitably, has announced that "I would sooner deal with Field-Marshal Göring than any German I have met"; Göring, he adds, is "ruthless and unscrupulous"; but also "loyal and dependable."

Göring is the one man in Germany more dangerous to us than Hitler. To humble England is his life's ambition; he began this war by declaring: "If my soldier's heart had its way, I would show these Englaender that they can be beaten." He uses any method to gain his ends—he will fire a Reichstag, or be bluff and hearty to a peer. His ruthlessness showed itself in the shoot-to-kill order, the murder of Frau von Schleicher, and many other things. He, even more than Hitler, made this war.

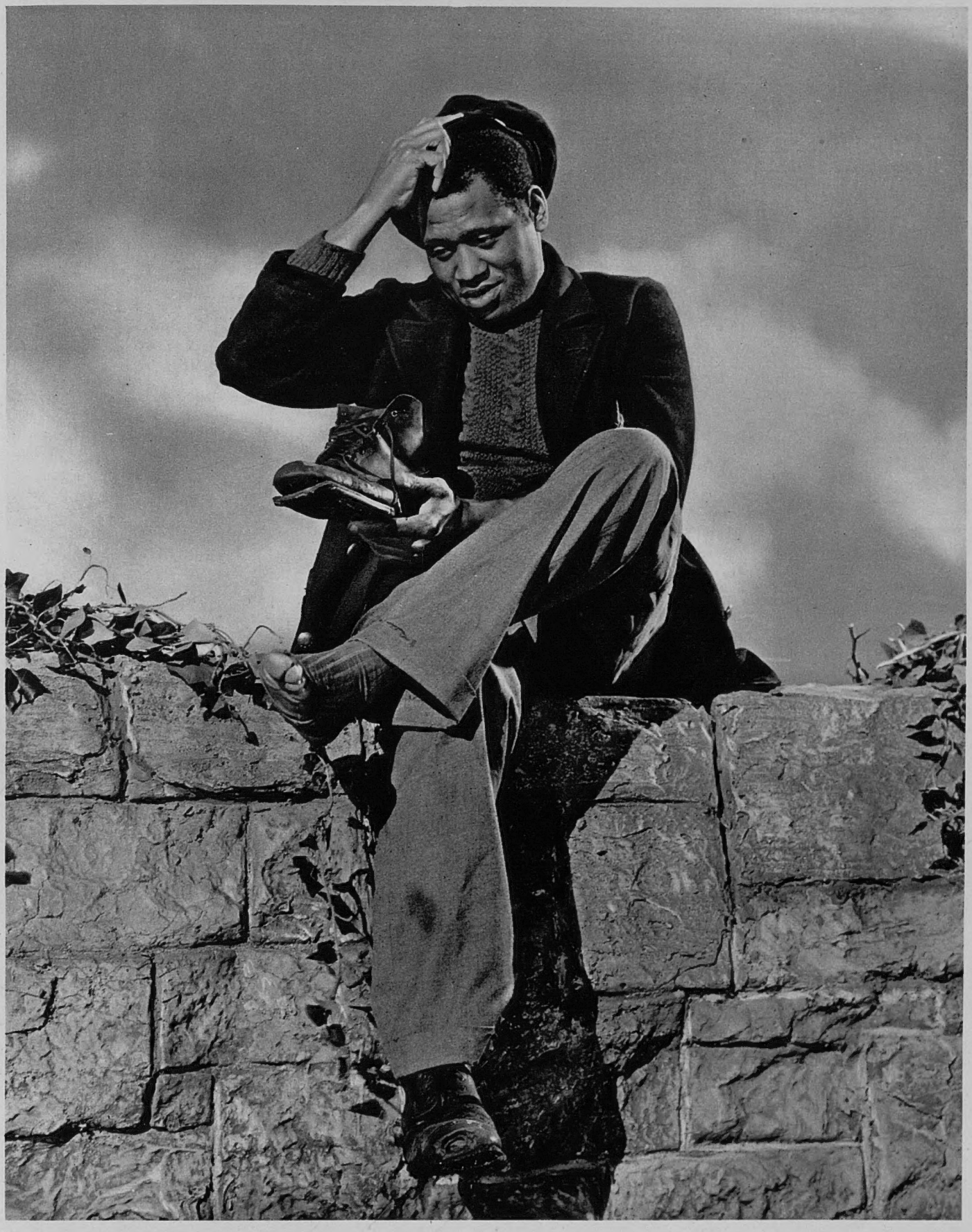
It was foreseeable that the former Hitler devotees in England, being incorrigible, would turn to Göring—"after all, the fellow was a house-painter, but Göring, of course, is a sahib."

***"Loyalty and Dependability"***

NEVERTHELESS, Lord Londonderry's testimonial to his trustworthiness ought to make Göring choke with laughter. Lord Londonderry, as Air Minister, was presumably responsible for Mr. Baldwin's statement in December 1934 that the German Air Force was far weaker than the British, in Europe alone, and would still be only half as strong after another year. Göring, almost the same day, declared: "Of course, we have a few experimental machines, but to talk of hundreds of military aircraft is ridiculous." He already had many thousands, and just twelve weeks later, in March 1935, publicly announced the existence of the German Air Force, with himself as its leader. A few days later Hitler told Simon and Eden that the German Air Force was stronger than the British Air Force throughout the world. Mr. Baldwin later said he had been "misinformed"; later still, Lord Londonderry said he had not "misinformed" anybody.

And are we now to start this ridiculous game all over again—with Göring, this time, as the great German who will be our friend if only we are nice to him?

***New man for new post:*** *Air-Marshal Arthur Sheridan Barratt got as New Year's present the new post of Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, British Air Forces in France. The man for the job is forty-nine, went into the Gunners in 1910, started flying in 1914, finished the war as Lieut.-Colonel at R.A.F. headquarters, Cologne; has seen many branches of his Force and many quarters of the world, is an all-rounder in sport and culture. The job is to co-ordinate R.A.F. commands in France for support of land Forces and for co-operation with the French Air Force*

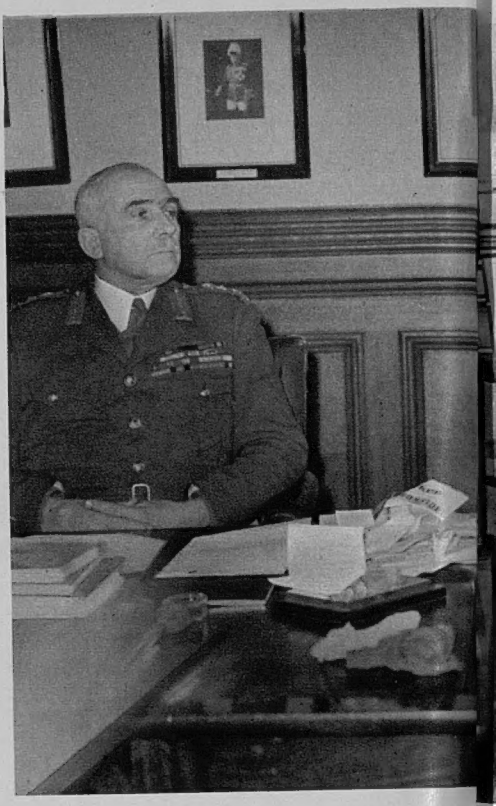


# Paul Robeson in "The Proud Valley"

Grim, coal-stained faces and the passionate singing of the Welsh are the sombre threads that run through most of the weave of *The Proud Valley*, due in the early part of February. Paul Robeson's place in the canvas is that of David Goliath, an unemployed stoker who wanders from Cardiff into the Blaendy, singing for his supper. He is taken up by the village choir, gets into mine disasters, hunger marches, finally sacrifices his life as the war boom brings a temporary solution to the valley's woes and a happy ending to the film. Michael Balcon produced, Pen Tennyson directed, Jack ("Rhondda Roundabout") Jones collaborated, and the discovery of the film is Rachel Thomas, thirty-five-year-old Cardiff schoolmaster's wife who has never acted before but now jumps among the few really great actresses, according to Robeson

# Personality News Reel

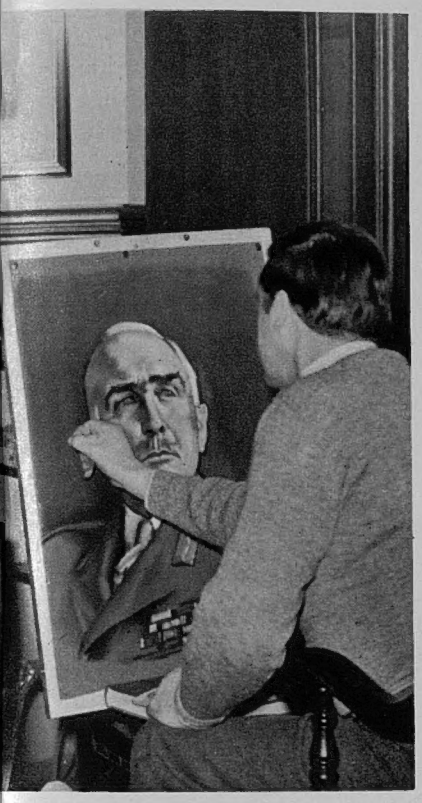
***St. George and the Dragon*** *were the chief guests at the Rainbow League party at the Waldorf Hotel last week. Every year Miss Italia Conti gives this party to the youthful cast, recruited in her school, of "Where the Rainbow Ends," now in its 29th winter season at the Holborn Empire. Mr. Roger Quilter, who wrote the music for the piece, received the guests; St. George was sixteen-year-old Jack Watling, the Dragon (behind), Douglas Phair*



***General Ironside*** *sat in his room in the W... done by Eric Kennington. This, and oth... itself by the Artists Advisory Committee (accordi... public doesn't know enough about its leaders: Prin... Ironside's row of decorations is ribbon of the Grar... him this year by General Gamelin. On desk ...*

***Einstein chez Picasso:*** *Professor Albert Einstein, now a permanent homebird of the United States—he researches at Princeton—was one of the 65,000 who in the first month went to see the Picasso show in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. So great is the crowd there that the museum has to shut its doors from time to time. Meanwhile Pablo Picasso works on in blacked-out Paris* *(see pp. 108-9)*

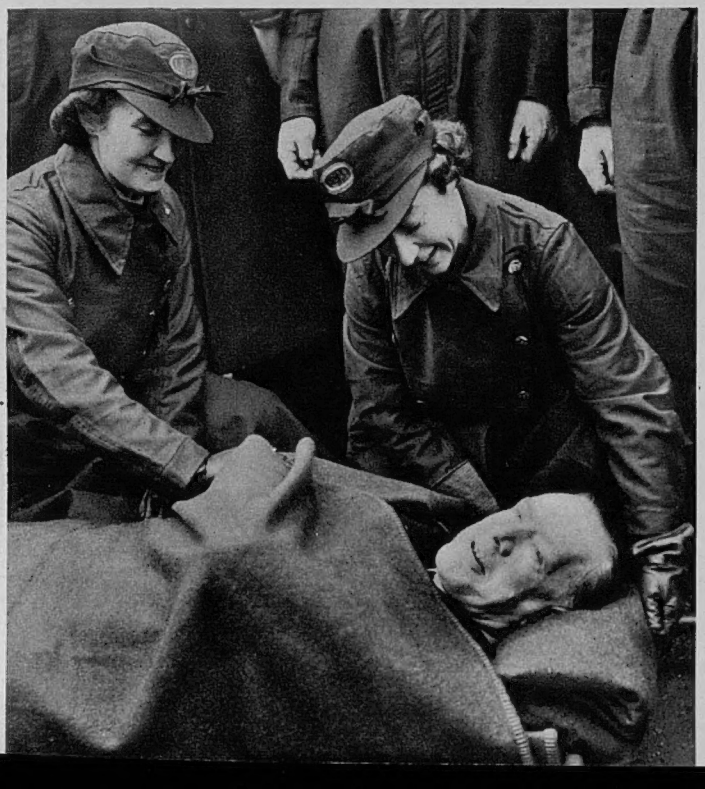
***Old Bensonians*** *gathered to pay honour to the late Sir Frank Benson at a memorial service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields attended by a large and distinguished congregation. Frank Cochrane (left) sang "The Lord is My Light" and Henry Ainley (right) read from "King Lear"*



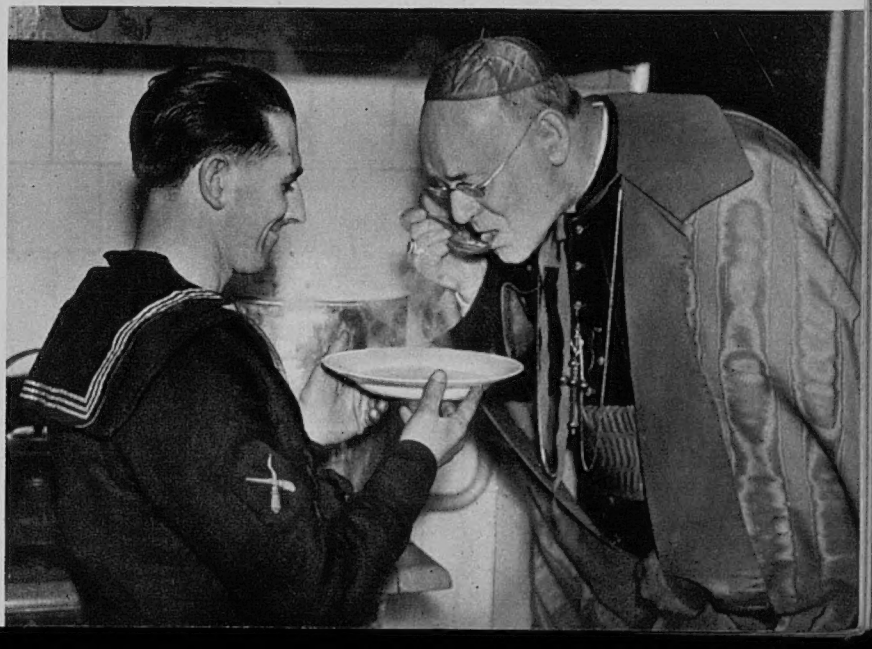
*ffice to have his first official war portrait ortraits of war leaders, is the first task set its secretary, E. M. O'R. Dickey, the linister, please note). Latest addition to oss, Légion d'Honneur, presented to merican press clippings about the General*

***David Lloyd George** was seventy-seven on Wednesday of last week, to celebrate which a photographer visited him at his agricultural hide-out in Surrey—Bron-y-de, Churt. There he found the " man who won the last war " vigorously directing the field campaign of his farm, when not reading news of Great War II. and planning a raid on Westminster. Left is a mural at Bron-y-de of Rapallo Bay (where Lloyd George went in 1917 after the Caporetto disaster) done by John Churchill, nephew of Winston*

***The Minister of Health,** Mr. Walter Elliot, went down to County Hall to inspect 25 auxiliary ambulances acquired and converted by the L.C.C. and a new emergency calls switchboard, was in the course of the demonstration wrapped in blankets and placed on a stretcher and thereon photographed (below)*



***The Archbishop of Westminster,** Cardinal Hinsley, opened a Roman Catholic hostel for Service people in Eaton Square last week, tasted a plate of soup held for him by a smiling Gunlayer, 3rd Class (v. badge on arm). The Cardinal's badge is a jewelled cross*



# Off Stage: What some well-knowns have been doing lately

### *Garland Garter for the Knee of an Actress*

*At the reopening of the Garter Club this publicity shot was taken of actor-dancer Walter Crisham kneeling to fix a posy at the knee of actress Miki Hood. Crisham on-duty continues to play a big part in the Gate Revue, the witty pot-pourri originally put on for Christmas 1938, remodelled twice last year and now blooming at the Ambassadors*

### *Musical Instruments for Madame Novello Davies*

*Mme. Clara Novello Davies, who rose to fame from Cardiff on the wings of song, launched an appeal in the New Year for the continuance of the practice of music during war. She called for instruments to be distributed to the troops and among the first to respond were Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert; Mme. Davies went to the Palace, where "Under Your Hat" continues its uproarious way, to collect from them a mandolin, concertina, saxophone, clarinet, trombone, banjo*

### *Actor Goes Fishing*

*Will Fyffe hurried back from Eastern France, where he had been entertaining troops, to his native heath for the opening of the Tay rod salmon-fishing season, chose Lower Scone beat near Perth but let his wife get away with the first catch, wore a tin hat "because of German attacks on fishermen"*

### *Golfers Go Dancing*

*The Hammersmith ambulance drivers' unit boasts three members even better known for other driving—Pam Barton, Kathleen Garnham and Australian Beatrice Perry, three times Tasmanian golf champion. They appeared like this in "Amber Lights," a revue put on by the section week-end before last*

# The Theatre

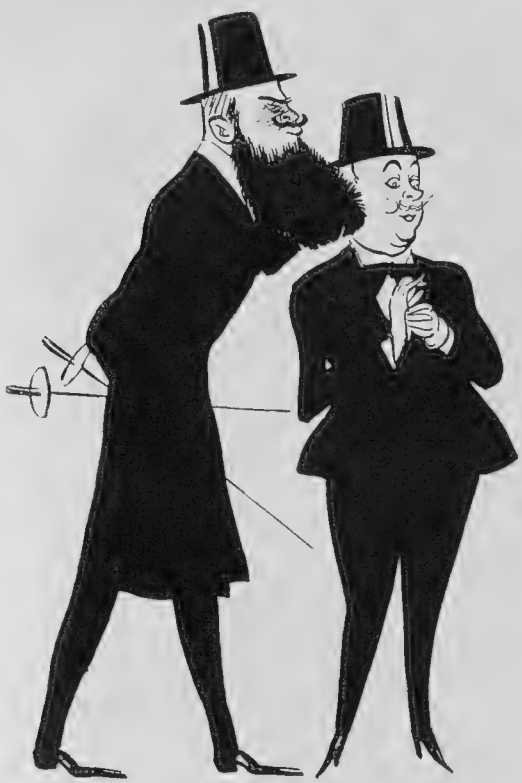
## By Herbert Farjeon

*Sketches by Rouson*

*Wartime memories: Gaby Deslys, Violet Loraine and George Robey, portrayed by Sally Gray, Florence Desmond and Stanley Lupino*

***"Funny Side Up" (His Majesty's)***

ENTERING His Majesty's Theatre—remarking that the painting of Sir Herbert Tree had been removed from the foyer—and hurrying as fast as possible past the Dandini-esque usherettes who have unblushingly replaced the powdered footmen of yester (and even last) year, I couldn't help thinking of Shakespeare and feeling that I couldn't be the only one. True, entertainment is always apt to be superficial and frivolous in wartime, but there is still a large public longing—and probably longing more than ever—for a little real depth and a little real beauty. Miss Myra Hess has proved that with her National Gallery concerts. And if you answer, "Why, the very last production at His Majesty's was *Julius Cæsar* and it ran a week!"—I would remind you that this was a stunt production in modern costume, and I am not thinking of stunt-lovers. Why the Old Vic doesn't take its courage in both hands and revive the plays that gave it the position it holds to-day remains to be explained. But of this I am convinced—if Miss Baylis had been alive, she would have said, "We gave them the Bard all through the last war and we're going to give them the Bard all through this!"—and she would have had the theatre open before Hitler could say Jack Robinson; and as for debt, well, Miss Baylis was used to that—she might have doubled and died of it, but the Old Vic would have flown the flag of Shakespeare.



*French duellist and second: Arthur Rigby and Arty Ash*

IT would, however, be preposterous to expect Mr. Stanley Lupino to play Prospero just because there's a war on. So here he is, with yet another revue for London, striking the keynote of the fun when he exclaims "You're the kind of girl who would put the candle to bed and blow yourself out." Subsequently, he conducts a village orchestra, imitates George Robey, and gets the audience to join in the chorus of "S'Right, S'True, S'Me," which sounds awfully familiar, but is no doubt entirely new. Miss Florence Desmond, always at her best in her imitations, imitated Ethel Levey, Violet Loraine, Alice Delysia and Frances Day—all new to me and all extremely good. The revival of stage songs from 1914 to 1918 is a pleasant feature and makes the last war seem quite like a dear old friend instead of the beastly thing it was. The third star in the cast is Sally Gray, who is for our dreams, but recites quite the funniest number of the evening, entitled "The Stand In." Pity the poor girl in the film studio who has to stand in for the star—"Boiled and baked and blistered in the spotlight"—yes, there are really lines like that! What I say is, if Mr. Lupino wrote it, he ought to be made to recite it, too.

FOR the rest, there are the Girls, who put in a lot of hard work and accomplish it most efficiently in costumes by Doris Zinkeisen. I really liked them best, but I suppose I shouldn't say so.

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

*"Strictly between ourselves, Goebbels—where is the 'Ark Royal'?"*

SAINT LOUIS, King of France, and King Athelstan, Beau Brummell, and Alphonse Daudet, Boswell and Rodin, Rubens and Tschaikowsky, Juvenal and Fanny Burney, Agricola and J. B. ("Pneumatic") Dunlop appear to be the pick of 1940's centenaries, which are not otherwise a particularly vintage crop. Fans of poor little Thos. ("Kiss Me") Hardy, b. June, 1840, will doubtless demur, chaps who climb the Alps will insist on the inclusion of Edward ("Scrambles") Whymper, and Big Business men will, or should, do the same for Thomas ("Boss") Cromwell, who got it in the neck in July 1540. Probably the celebrity who has most directly influenced our happy age is Slogger Dunlop, whose singular idea of filling a hollow rubber tube with air brought so many blessings in its train. Since the invention of the Wheel in the dawn of the world nobody bothered much about tyres, a simple band of iron being good enough for everybody, till the advent of the solid rubber tyre in the 70's or 80's; and one can't help thinking what different twists history might have taken here and there if Mr. Dunlop had launched his device some time earlier. For instance, it is reasonably certain that if the *berline* in which Louis XVI. and his family escaped from Paris in 1791 had had pneumatic tyres, it would never have been overtaken by Drouet in that fateful midnight gallop to Varennes, and the Bourbons would have held France. Bigger issues have rarely hung on the rate of speed of a single vehicle.

The other eminent British inventor in the list is of course, James Boswell, who, if he didn't invent Johnson, at least invented the Art of Biography. If you think Boswell's task was easier than Dunlop's, recollect the enormous pains that Scotsman took not only to collect Johnson's conversation but his letters, for copies of which he would dog the recipients for weeks, cajoling, begging, pleading, nagging, even going so far sometimes as to decoy chaps into taverns and order drinks, after which, as one of his victims records, he carefully copied the letter he wanted and tripped away without paying. A genius, in fact.

### *Hotcha*

HALF-NUDE cuties in spangled trunks and toppers, all fascination, fun and flafla, prancing across a brightly-coloured playbill — you 've seen it so often, that the picture of a steak-and-chips would interest you infinitely more. But we bet you 've never seen such a parade of sweethearts decorating the bill ("Wonderful Scenery! Beautiful Girls! Glorious Dresses! Real Festive Fare!") at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, our Shrine of National Drama, a copy of which bill lies before us as we giggle. Not that the Immortal Bard would worry, in our mousy estimation. What makes him bellow in the Elysian Fields is probably the phoney pomp of his annual birthday celebrations, all those serious-minded tourists, having slept in *Love's Labour's Lost* or *Hamlet* at the Shakespeare, walking in procession with the Mayor and Corporation amid the Flags of All Nations, laying flowers before the popeyed bust, rubbering round Anne Hathaway's cottage, buying sackfuls of souvenirs, and contributing generally to the Shakespeare Racket on which the town thrives (and as a good aggressive business man, hard as nails, the Swan appreciates the commercial angle most of all, we dare aver). A gaggle of shapely blondes prancing round his shrine and raising the roof with jazz would, were he alive, probably inspire him with a few typically Renaissance ideas, and he 'd incorporate Les Girls into the play-scene in *Hamlet* or else bring them on to support Ariel in *The Tempest*; for the Bard was not only a business man, recollect, but a man of the theatre, and he knew his box-office. It 's his worshippers towards whom we feel mildly apologetic, the anguished schoolmarms of Cheltenham and New England especially. Don't overlook, incidentally, that imposing group of experts musing in the shadows, nobly impassive, stony of eye and palpably curled as to the upper lip. They 're the chaps who run the regular International Shakespeare Season, the Iden Paynes and Atkinses and Kommisarjevskys and all their meinia. Not a groan escapes them. That thunderous noise was merely Aubrey Hammond—who has designed and dressed so many fine productions at the British Bayreuth—clearing his throat, and was neither comment nor judgment. A stoic frozen calm enfolds the boys. No group of stuffed Red Indians could contemplate such a spectacle more woodenly. Ugh! Ugh! Walla, walla! Big heap strange doings in the lodges of the Great Pale-face! Wow!

*"My aunt says, if you hear an air-raid warning, you're to drop her in a shelter"*

### *Popinjays*

ANOTHER gobbet of small-town fire-brigade comedy is reported from Ringwood, Hants, where the District Council after some discussion are going to buy their officers epaulettes to distinguish them from their men, despite the strong protests of an honest ædile who said they were turning their fire brigade into a Punch-and-Judy show. This seemed rather quaint, even for rural England, which apparently hasn't yet got rid of the superstition that millinery invariably connotes effeminacy. If the Punch-and-Judy citizen will turn up Slogger A. G. Macdonell's admirable book on Napoleon's Marshals, he will find that those heroes led their cavalry

and infantry charges costumed in a fantastic blaze of military foppery, often of their own design: tossing ostrich plumes, rich gold brocade and embroidery, doeskin breeches, tigerskin saddle-cloths, jewelled orders, gay-coloured jackets and furred dolmans, exquisite red morocco boots, silver spurs, more dazzling and superb than Hector or Mars himself. The nearest modern approach to the splendour of the Marshals is probably that of the Monaco Police (who incidentally are, or were, veteran soldiers, so that tourist sniggers somewhat miss the mark), and who can doubt that the Ringwood fire-captain, even if they dressed him like a Monaco inspector, or even a Nicaraguan Admiral, would swarm up ladders at the head of his men with as much verve and brio as Marshal Lannes at Ratisbon, or Prince Rupert, with his silks and satins and Mechlin lace and perfumed lovelocks, charging at Naseby, or the gorgeous Swiss Guard, cut to pieces as they fought to the last man at the sack of Rome?

The Industrial Revolution of the early nineteenth century, is to blame, of course, for this queer island prejudice, among other things. It promoted the singular theory that the mournful beauty of the Island Pan needs no accessory decoration or fal-lals. A greater discovery, in its way, than Newton's.

***Check***

SINCE our recent laughing remark in this enchanting page that the Provost Marshal and his once-redoubtable bashi-bazouks seem to be in a fairy doze, judging by the slightly bohemian appearance of some of the soldiery of all ranks one sees round and about town these days, a ukase has been issued tightening things up a trifle. The A.P.M. and the Red Cap is ramping abroad, though—as we gather from a daily paper's sob-sister—in the nicest, most charming manner. Red Caps don't bark at offending troops, as in the old days. They attend incoming leave-trains, according to the Fleet Street girl, like usherettes at the cinema or benevolent maiden aunts in a kindergarten, asking the soldiers if they can be of any help, telling them what bus to take and where to change on the Underground, and, we dare say, wiping their noses, accepting little gifts of flowers and kisses, sharing their tiny joys and sorrows, and generally mothering them. The Army has changed so much since we were in it that nothing can surprise us very much, and Sergeant Old Bill's recent hesitant inquiry of a new recruit, "Could I interest you in a spot of drill?" may be stark reality for all we know. "This, of course," as the sob-sister pointed out, "is a democratic Army."

Which may be a good thing or it may be a good thing, as Euripides remarked to the one-eyed fishwife of Delos, and perhaps it 's a bit early to judge whether the substitution of so much milk and honey for bark and steel has worked any miracles. As for that now-hackneyed cry about the "democratisation" of the Army, we observe that the *Weekly Review* describes it as a senseless slogan, creating a "dangerously false impression" in the minds of the public. Most professional soldiers we meet agree, but in less suitable language.

***Merrie***

ONE of the gossip boys who spent a recent day indulging in ye olde merrie-merrie with the English Folk-Dance and Song Society seems to have enjoyed it, or said he did (you never know with those boys). If these fragrant exercises aren't our own particular tea, it isn't because we don't recognise what magnificent work the late Cecil Sharp did in collecting and preserving English folk-music; it 's just that a faintly comic air hangs round so many of the adepts as they conscientiously sock away at these ancient dances. We feel that evolutions and arabesques invented spontaneously by the English peasantry to express joy at holy-days and festivals had some essential meaning, whereas danced nowadays by tweedy ladies in pince-nez and arty gentlemen with knobbly knees and bells round their trousers, they have none at all. It 's the peasant who still should be dancing them, we feel; but we freely admit that, as everybody knows, the modern English peasant prefers negroid radio howlings fresh from the Voodoo swamps via Broadway, and doesn't give a cow's hoot for the joys of his forefathers. So it isn't the fault of the E.F.-D. & S.S. if the old dances of the English are now bric-à-brac for urban and suburban amateurs, and we frankly don't know what they can do about it, except to lash out at the chaw-bacons' hideous pans whenever the mazy dance permits. Compulsory education and the B.B.C. among other things, have done the countryside in finally, following on the work of the Industrial Revolution. The only spontaneous English rustic dance we 've ever seen occurred when Joe Turmutts in our village was shot in the pants by his enemy Henry Glue, and although it had in it some recognisable elements of the Breton Trihorry, the Aragonese Jota, and the Oxfordshire May Day Morris, it was a sketchy exhibition, Mr. Turmutts' entrechats especially being poor and his gargouillades beneath contempt.

Perhaps, until reasons for expressing joy in dancing return to the English peasant, this is the long-sought solution? Try it on your rook-rifle, E.F.-D. & S.S.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

*"Pussy, pussy! Come on out, pretty pussy!"*

# Films of the Day

## Chekhov à l'Américaine

### By George Campbell

Most people—I hope you 're not one of them—are snobs about Shirley Temple. They laugh and cry at her pictures, and come out sneering. From this particular affectation I think I may claim to be free—so much so that *The Little Princess*, in its quaint, sentimental and touching way, seemed to me one of the best pictures of 1939. In all-round ability—acting, dancing and putting over an American hot number or the traditional English "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road"—this ten-year-old child has few equals on the screen and hardly any superiors.

This by way of preface to a suggestion that if Shirley makes many pictures like *Susannah of the Mounties* she soon won't be a Temple at all. She 'll be just a small crypt, with a few jars to hold the ashes of dead triumphs. It 's not that she acts badly. Everything that can be done with Susannah, the adopted child and mascot of the North-West Mounted Police, she does with her usual expert timing and twinkling charm. But the stuff simply isn't there. It 's just an old-fashioned bit of hokum, with every character cut from cardboard, and every situation and twist planted so heavily in advance that you know exactly what 's coming. Director and scenario writer keep committing what is, in film-making as in boxing, one of the seven deadly sins. They telegraph their punches.

And the adults! Margaret Lockwood, a much better actress than most people realise, brings vitality and a certain realism to the part of the girl from the East, captivated by the West and the rugged Inspector, until Indians, as a friendly gesture, start delivering corpses at the door. The rest frankly are terrible. Randolph Scott, though never a Gary Cooper, once showed signs of a rugged sincerity which was at least a change. In *Susannah of the Mounties* he has little to do but chatter of the heroine's blue eyes, get himself captured, like a ninny, and then smilingly hang by his wrists, waiting to be burned at the stake, as if never in doubt that Shirley would come galloping to the rescue. That grand old character-actor, J. Farrel MacDonald, keeps popping a toupé on his head while Indians shoot it off; and the others are too humorous to mention.

If you like Chekhov à l'Américaine, then *The Old Maid* is your dish. The woman who gives all and receives nothing has been done a thousand times, but Edith Wharton puts flesh and blood on the old lay-figure, and shrewd acting and direction make her live. The story starts in the Civil War, with mercenary Miriam Hopkins jilting George Brent, and her cousin (Bette Davis) consoling him before he falls in battle. The child of this brief, one-sided affaire has to be camouflaged with twenty others in an orphanage; and at last, with the passing of time the healer (to coin a phrase), the heroine gets engaged.

Never sin, advises a character of Mr. Maugham's; but if you must sin, never repent. And if you must repent, never confess. The spinster confides the secret of the child, and out of sheer jealousy, and resentment that the rejected lover should have found consolation, the cousin wrecks her marriage. It only remains for her to take mother and child into her house, win the child's affection and adopt her as her own, and the astute, scheming egotist has taken everything that made the other woman's life worth living. It would have been easy to make her a cold-blooded vampire of a creature. Played skilfully by Miss Hopkins, she comes out quite human, in some ways more likeable than the soured old maid. Bette Davis is excellent in the early scenes; a trifle over-made-up and mannered, I thought, in middle-age. George Brent does so well in a small part that I was sorry to see him go; Donald Crisp is convincing, as always, as the family doctor; and Louise Fazenda, once a star in slapstick, plays a retainer very skilfully.

If you feel like another study in futility, topped off with blindness and death, you 'll probably find *The Light That Failed* good value. I expect you know Kipling's story. War artist saves friend, gets slash across the forehead, wins fame, loses girl, goes blind, and gets himself shot on the battlefield. Kipling, with an almost sadistic thoroughness, won't even allow him his masterpiece, for the Cockney hussy he adopts as a model gets in a pet and daubs it beyond repair.

Ronald Colman plays the artist with charm and a dignity that is a pleasant substitute for strength, Walter Huston is wasted on the part of Torpenhow, Ida Lupino shows some promise as the melodramatic slut, and Muriel Angelus does what she can with the colourless Maisie, the girl who kept on painting Melancholia when the hero wanted marriage.

*Babes in Arms* is what the title suggests—a kid show, with a troupe of juveniles headed by Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. The two young stars (Mickey doing clever imitations of Gable, Lionel Barrymore and even President Roosevelt; Judy putting over hot numbers brilliantly) show prodigious skill and verve; they are well supported by Charles Winninger and other veterans (thinking what?); and the songs and dances, including a swing version of *Figaro*, could not be slicker.

***"The Old Maid":*** *the latest Bette Davis film, gives this powerful actress full scope for her rather harrowing style; she is the "old maid," but one with a child who never calls her mother, believing that Miriam Hopkins is this. Reviewed here. At the Warner*

# More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

" 'Ullo, Stalin! 'Ow's Finland? "

*The Overlords — S.A. Men*

*The Overlords — War Chiefs*

Arthur Szyk is a Polish Jew who has made a fine reputation as a miniaturist-illuminator, especially in Paris, where he has lived for many years. Last September he was in London with his wife, about to return to Poland. From the pain and anger with which he saw the attack on and torture of his country came

*The Cheats*

*"I do like to be beside the seaside"*

# War and "Kultur" in Poland

## Eight Cartoons from Arthur Szyk's Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries

*The Overlords — Apostles of Civilisation*

*"Conscience is a Jewish invention" — Hitler*

a series of caricatures and cartoons. These are now being shown in aid of the Polish Relief Fund at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street. The "Times" critic wrote: "There is no trace in them of spluttering emotion, nor are the subjects extravagantly caricatured, but everything is set down in cold anger in terms of incisive line and glowing colour." Szyk is forty-five, was conscripted in 1914 for the Russian Army, in 1920 fought for his country against the Bolsheviks

*Goebbels, the Radio Pirate*

*Partners in Crime*

The "Bystander" visits

# Picasso in Paris

## Life on the Left Bank Goes On

*In the Rue des Grands Augustins, which runs south from the Seine quays opposite the Palais de Justice, Picasso works on a new canvas in an old house built in the early 1600s by a Duke of Savoy*

*"The artist is a receptacle for emotions that come from anywhere and anywhere: from the sky, from the earth, from a scrap of paper," says Picasso*

*Newest works show his attempt to capture two views together*

*Photographs by Brassaï, Paris*

PABLO RUIZ-PICASSO (Picasso is his mother's name) lives on and paints on in the Paris blackout, while across the Atlantic a show of 362 of his works crams Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art to the benefit of the Allied war funds. Beyond such contribution, the Malagan painter of Guernica ignores the flare-up of Guernica spirit round him, works through his latest period in his two studios, lives the Paris life as he has lived it since he settled there in 1904. He sleeps in a modest hotel, 6th Arrondissement, works mainly in the big flag-floored room of a seventeenth-century house in the Rue des Grands Augustins. He has another studio (sculpture and modelling) at 23, Rue la Boëtie, and a country house at Bois le Loup, near Paris. Most days you can see him eating in the Brasserie Lipp, further up the Boulevard St. Germain towards the Chambre, or taking an apéritif at the Café de Flore, also on the Boulevard. At fifty-eight, Picasso is probably the greatest conglomerate influence on modern art: conglomerate because each of his many periods leaves a small school behind it

***The stove,*** *traditional Paris studio feature, hints through being functional at favourite surrealist forms*

***Weary of It All:*** *the last word on gold-digging stars; Beatrice Lillie, Robert Eddison, Tony Hulley, Hugh French: a Noel Coward song*

***Secret Service:*** *the last word on beautiful spies; Beatrice Lillie, Hugh French, Robert Eddison: a Noel Coward sketch*

***Marvellous Party:*** *the last word on socialites on the Riviera: Beatrice Lillie: another Noel Coward song*

***Madly Keen to Entertain the Troops:*** *the last word on overblown blonde singers; Beatrice Lillie, Robert Eddison; by Nicholas Phipps and Geoffrey Wright*

*Oh, Leo! first act finale; in front, Robert Eddison, Gladys Henson, Bobby Howes, Beatrice Lillie, Fred Emney, Adèle Dixon, Hugh French, Jean Gillie, Tony Hulley, Moya Nugent; at the back, Lois Davis, Babbie McManus, Betty Greaves, Hilde Palmer, Decima Knight, Lois Green*

***Sic Transit Gloria:*** *Master Reggie and Master Ernest are evacuee choirboys from a fashionable West End church: Bobby Howes and Beatrice Lillie*

# "All Clear"

## The Revue at the Queen's which Frames Beatrice Lillie

There are now about a dozen shows in London with revue or musical comedy stars in the middle of them, girls in this or that amount of dress revolving to music round about the stars. Because Beatrice Lillie is its centre, inspiration, and glory, *All Clear* comes high on the list of leave-night entertainments. She is—everyone says so—at her brilliant, incomparable, wicked best, burlesquing with subtle, unerring, economical, delicious cruelty the types she is given as victims: socialite, suburbanite, star, or setting star. Fred Emney and Bobby Howes, Robert Eddison, Adèle Dixon, Jean Gillie add up to a lot, but mostly their *All Clear* material is not memorable. (Mr. Farjeon reviewed this revue in our January 3 issue)

***Lullaby Balloon*** *speaks for itself; Bobby Howes, R.A.F., and Fred Emney, balloon*

***Mothballs:*** *Fred Emney and Adèle Dixon*

*Count Huyn (right), formerly Press Attaché at the Austrian Legation here, gave a lecture on "The Tragedy of Errors; or, the Fallacy of Nationalism in Central and Eastern Europe." With him is Herbert Gurschner, the Austrian artist now a British subject. Some of his religious panels are in the Tate Gallery*

*John Sutro, with Mrs. R. D. Brunner here, is joint-editor with Vernon Bartlett of the Federal Union Club's journal, "World Review." He is also a playwright: recently wrote the lyrics for Cecil Beaton's "Heil, Cinderella!", the pantomime produced by the Wilton House Company, which is coming to the Kingsway*

*Miss Clarissa Borenius came to the meeting with Charles Harding. She works hard for the Finland Fund, for which her father made a wireless appeal. She is the daughter of Dr. Tancred Borenius, Finnish professor of the History of Art at London University, also secretary-general of the Polish Relief Fund*

# Federal Union

## A War Aims Organisation With a Club and a Monthly Review

The Federal Union Movement has now set itself up in a club of its own at 101, Piccadilly, and acquired a journal of its own, *World Review*, which Vernon Bartlett and John Sutro are editing, and of which the first Federal Union number came out for January. At 101, Piccadilly, is a club-room, a dining-room, and a big room where monthly meetings are held, at one of which these snapshots were taken. To join the club only a subscription is necessary; to join the movement a statement of belief in its aims is required. These are—to place the issue between law and anarchy before the public, to devise means of establishing a law above nations, to affiliate with similar movements in other countries, to educate popular opinion. Robert Byron and Lord Rosse are president and chairman of the club

*Mrs. Edward Heywood-Lonsdale and Mrs. Cecil Pierce arrived at the Federal Union meeting with Baron Victor Styrica. Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale was June Shakespeare before she married her sailor husband, who is the brother of Major Arthur Heywood-Lonsdale, of Shavington*

*Lady Bridget Parsons belongs to the Federal Union Club, of which her brother, the Earl of Rosse, is chairman. She is one of the best-looking members of London's socialite intelligentsia*

*Mr. Edward Hulton escorted two attractive members of Count Huyn's audience, Mrs. Ronald Balfour and Miss Veronica Booker, who is very like her mother, Mrs. Mary Booker. Mrs. Balfour was Deirdre Hart Davis, and is a niece of Mr. Duff Cooper*

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## Little Jappy Soldier

### By V. S. Pritchett

WHEN this war started there was a good deal of publicity done about "escape" literature. People would not want to read about war, it was said, but would want an escape from the miserable reality, to things which were kinder to the mind. This, I think, like so much that was written and said about the war just as it was beginning, has turned out to be true only in part. I do not find that I cannot read books about the fighting in Spain or China, or books about the last war. On the contrary, I find they have become real and vivid, my mind has become ready for them at last and they give me pleasure. For while numbers of people do wish to escape from the misery in which we live, an equally large number find their "escape" in exploring it to the full, and in accounts of things like the flight from Malaga, the raids on the Yangtse and the siege of Verdun, they experience a purgation which comes of widening the imagination to consider a suffering greater than their own.

TO those who feel like this I address the remainder of this review. For those who do not, I offer briefly the very expert and amusing sop of Mr. Hugh McGraw's *Boon Companions* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a tough, cynical and very funny novel about dubious business and a bogus factory by one of those endearing writers who likes the human race best when it is slightly knavish and very much on the make.

THE other novels are a Japanese war novel, *War and the Soldier.* By Ashihei Hino (Putnam; 8*s.* 6*d.*); the two latest volumes of *Men of Goodwill: Verdun.* By Jules Romains (Peter Davies; 10*s.* 6*d.*), and Mr. C. S. Forester's *Captain Hornblower, R.N.* (Michael Joseph; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

Mr. Ashihei Hino has written Japan's *All Quiet on the Western Front.* That is to say, it is sensational war journalism and adds nothing to the genre. But it has the interest of the exotic. We practically never get any modern Japanese literature. The narrative begins in a troopship with the soldiers wondering where they are going, takes one on to a night landing and immediate battle, and so, through almost continuous fighting, to Hangchow and Canton. Mr. Hino is a good conscript reporter, a journalist indeed by trade, and within his missionary limits he is the sentimental, humane man at war. His mission is that he is filled to the neck with patriotic Japanese propaganda. He seriously cannot understand, for example, why the Chinese women and children become hysterical at the sound of aeroplanes. He detects that this war is taking place not only in China, but in the heart, and wonders, with alarm, what will happen in Japan when the soldiers return. The attraction of the book is its animal charm—to be down in the sand after days of mud "gives the belly a very pleasant feeling"—and in its slight portraits of his Japanese comrades, a friendly, sentimental race, with that perpetual touch of the Sunday School prig about them, touchingly domesticated, and complete robots as far as their cause is concerned. Like members of all aggressive nations they all believe in their civilising mission and this makes them cheerful. It will make the foreign reader depressed. About half of this book is very fresh and readable; but I do not share the publishers' surprise that this book ever got past the Censor in Japan. It is very good and subtle Japanese propaganda. One therefore notes Mr. Hino as a patriot but dismisses him as a serious writer.

***Art of War:** This picture was taken at the opening by Major-General Ian Hay Beith, War Office Director of Public Relations, of an exhibition of photographs and models of war machines now showing at a Piccadilly store. Inspecting a model tank with Major-General Beith is Sir William Crawford, director of public relations in his own powerful advertising agency*

M. JULES ROMAINS is, of course, on a far higher level. That huge, unofficial Who's Who of pre-1914 France, *The Men of Goodwill,* has now reached the last war and Verdun is the present subject. M. Romains has not only written something like a great war book, but I think the first one to show any human or theoretical grasp of the at once cumbersome and majestic science of war. Here is the war seen from on top as well as from below, and M. Romains' handling of the crisis in military strategy which took place at the time of the stalemate of 1915, in terms of military science and living people, is absolutely brilliant. But he is better still when, after taking one from trench to battalion H.Q. and up through the hierarchy of command to the plump, sleepy figure of Joffre himself at Chantilly, he gradually sets the stage for the terrible battle itself. M. Jules Romains is both in and above the battle. He crouches in the dug-outs, he reawakens with the remnant who survive, he goes off with the runners into the smoke, he is at H.Q. listening to the wrangles, the posturings, the quibbles of the Staff, he marches along the switchback road with the reserve, on to the town going up in flames. He switches over from the eerie night-fighting to the barrage, from the frantic signals to a study of the paralysis of the artillery, with an astonishing composure and mastery of every detail of the subject. The actual characters are few. Jerphanion, the introspective officer—one of those who believe that the only way to face misery is to imagine it at its worst and indeed carry the imagination even further—speculates about the breakdown of society. General Doroure, the rejuvenated careerist, is seen counting his chickens and being careful not to hatch out any that will upset his ambitions. These men stand out, full and interesting characters. The only false note is the picture of the Kaiser at the Front. Of course, there are plenty of such newsreel shots in the earlier volumes of this series, but this particular one breaks the unity of the book by a piece of obvious guesswork and mars a panorama of battle which is both the climax of M. Romains' chronicle and the summit of his own achievement as a writer. M. Romains is a man of a large moral curiosity and tolerance.

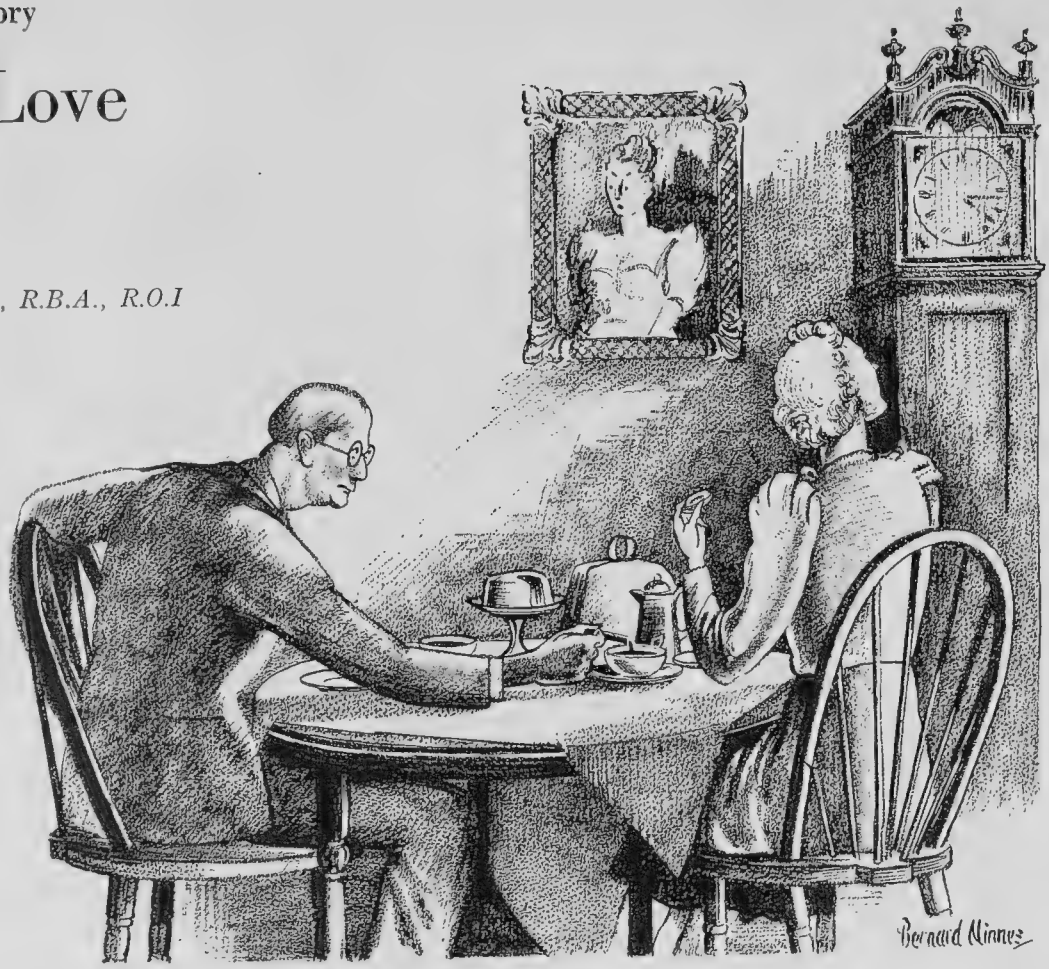
MR. C. S. FORESTER'S book is three novels in one, and readers will be familiar with his curious creation, the English sea captain of the Napoleonic wars. Captain Hornblower, that inarticulate, unconfident man and superb sailor, commands a frigate, goes to South America to ally himself with a fanatic, by orders of the Admiralty, wins victories by a mixture of genius, perseverance and thoroughness in preparation. He is a lonely figure because he dare not or cannot express his emotions, a sort of solemn, testy baby in uniform. He arouses a distant adoration, a protective affection in his officers and crew, though none of them dares show it. His doggedness, his repressions and his reserve become, in the most pleasing way, comic; like an elderly parent he inspires enormous respect and a quiet laugh. Mr. Forester's technical knowledge of nautical warfare of a hundred-odd years ago is terrific; and he writes with agreeable sobriety. These books have the seriousness and clarity of old nautical engravings, though the romantic Mr. Forester has gone to the extraordinary length of turning W. H. Kingston's and other books for boys into literature, in order to make his point.

"Bystander" Short Story

# A Cup of Love

## By John Oliver

*Illustration by Bernard Ninnes, R.B.A., R.O.I*




*" It was a simple matter for him to pour half the contents of the phial into her cup . . ."*

DR. GLAUBE looked on fondly while his large, black cat, Jeff, played with the mouse. The sense of power he obtained from the sight of it almost overwhelmed him. He associated himself with the cat. It was he that stalked close to the morsel of grey fur, rubbed his nose sensuously against it and then withdrew, only to repeat the performance. The mouse, too, was enjoying herself. Jeff might have been the most desirable of male mice. She danced back and forth, squeaking a little with ecstasy. Even when Jeff, aflame with cat-love, rubbed the length of his body against hers and nearly squashed the life breath out of her, she remained adoring. And when, cat-like, he appeared to forget everything and sat back to lick himself, she ran up and nestled in between his front legs.

Dr. Glaube watched them for some minutes; then he picked up the trap in which the mouse had been caught and the saucer that had held Jeff's milk and walked slowly into his laboratory. He unbaited the trap, put the remains of the cheese on the fire and carefully washed the saucer. The experiment had succeeded. He sat back, lost in contemplation, while, from the other room, came softly the love noises of cat and mouse. How should he use this great discovery of his to benefit mankind? For Dr. Glaube was a serious man and never a thought did he give to Mr. C. B. Cochran or George Hale. . . . The process was so simple. Just a little of his mixture with the food or in the drink of two people and the trick was done—love at first taste.

He wondered what he should call it. Elixir d'Amour? No, that sounded like a non-stop revue. (Although, if the first recipients were anything to go by, it might not be so inappropriate at that.) He tried again, but could only think of Love Lotion, and that was too much like one of the more popular beauty treatments. His thoughts wandered to an endless series of before and after use advertisements, of drawings of the great lovers through the ages, of countless girls glowering in corners while half-a-dozen young men surrounded another who radiated sex appeal in straight lines, like conventional sunbeams. He shuddered, and finally decided to call it Number One, it being his first invention.

The next problem was upon whom to bestow the blessing, for Dr. Glaube soon perceived that for it to have its fullest effect it could only be used very sparingly. Otherwise, who knew what complications might ensue? It might even now be necessary for him to destroy his own cat and the mouse in case they should molest whomsoever he chose to inject with Number One.

It would seem a pity, thought the doctor, to waste it upon a very young couple, or, for that matter, on an elderly pair. Should it, then, be used to requite a middle-aged spinster or a bachelor? But the doctor was himself a bachelor and his sympathies were not strong for his fellow celibates. The best thing, he decided, the worthiest cause, would be to restore their early affections to a man and wife who were displaying the first signs of boredom with one another. That was it, and that was how Martin Tallow and his wife suggested themselves to him.

Dr. Glaube was a man of action, and no sooner had he made up his mind than he got up and strode back into his dining-room. Jeff and the mouse were still there, but they were now so tired (having suffered an intense love for one another since ten o'clock and it was now one) that they lay exhausted. However, they were making what the doctor could only describe to himself as sheep's eyes at one another; an odd state of affairs for a cat and a mouse.

After luncheon, he returned to his laboratory and busied himself with his test tubes and apparatus. He would, he thought, only give them a mild dose at first, for he did not want to take any chances. His plan of campaign was to call first on Mary Tallow and beg a cup of tea from her. Then, at six-fifteen, he would waylay Martin as he returned from the office and bring him in for a drink. Thus, within two hours, his work would be accomplished. He smiled benignly as he thought of the reception they would give one another.

Martin and Mary Tallow had been married about seven years and it was plain to see that the first joy of their love was forgotten. Not that anyone would have suggested infidelity of either of them, but they were irritable with each other and bothered less and less to conceal it from their friends. Doctor Glaube had known them both for many years and had observed the deterioration of their relations with distress. He was fond of them both and the knowledge that he could restore their old passion was very sweet to him.

At four o'clock he was, according to plan, taking tea with Mary Tallow. It was a simple matter for him to pour half the contents of the phial into her cup after distracting her attention for a moment. As she drank again, her nose wrinkled a little and she put the cup down. But all she did was add another lump of sugar. Love, Dr. Glaube reflected, was not all sweetness.

Having accomplished his task, he tried to take his leave, but Mary delayed him by talking about Martin and how

(Concluded on page 124)

# Beauty Carries On

The Yardley motto, "Let's be practical," echoes the feelings of every woman now. There is no time for mistakes; beauty treatments must be simple and sure. This "beauty dresser," for a guinea, holds the fundamental Yardley preparations, Liquefying Cleansing Cream, Toning Lotion, and Skin Food, with complexion milk and foundation cream as well. It is well worth while writing for their booklet, which not only describes how all the preparations should be used, but gives diagram cards showing the massage movements for applying the Skin Food. Travellers will like the hopsack-covered case shown here, for three guineas, containing make-up preparations as well as those for skin care. And every woman will like the news that, as a concession to wartime difficulties, Yardley are now giving beauty treatments in their salon at 33, Old Bond Street, for only 5/6

Stop family arguments about the butter ration by supplying individual butter-dishes in different colours. These cost 3/- each, from Rivoli, Knightsbridge, and look very attractive on the table. They have another design for 2/9, without the lids, made of cream-coloured pottery and lined with various shades

With meat rationing ahead, nothing should be wasted by careless carving. The spikes in the middle of this joint-board (12/6) hold the meat steady, and the gutter catches the gravy. Rivoli have this, and also the wooden box to hold a jam-jar

It is depressingly easy to catch cold whenever you have to sit still for any length of time, playing bridge or travelling in the back of a car. This quilted crêpe-de-Chine petticoat from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, keeps you warm, and yet is so feather-light that it does not spoil the fit of your skirt. They have it in several shades for 27/9

# The Social Round

"All Debrett is Awheel . . ."—*Sunday Paper*

## By Mary Dunn

I MET the Duchess of Wrapover the other day, coasting down Hay Hill, looking as graceful and chic as usual in a simple pedal suit of grey tweed, a white cape mackintosh and high

*The Duchess of Wrapover . . . in simple pedal suit of grey tweed, a white cape mackintosh and high Russian boots*

Russian boots—so as to be puddle-proof, she told me later.

She sprang off her bicycle when she saw me, partly because we hadn't met for some time, and partly because her brakes weren't quite up to the steep gradient, and in another moment she would have been down the steps of Lansdowne Passage. We talked of this and that, and she showed me her three speeds, of which she seemed immensely proud.

She was on her way to West Kensington, where she had heard of a fishmonger's trolley-cycle for sale, which she was hoping to buy the Duke for a birthday present. It was, apparently, painted royal blue, with life-like representations of lobsters painted on its carrier, which was the reason why it hadn't been sold before. "But Bungo wouldn't mind a little thing like that," the Duchess said, laughing.

* * * *

SHE went on to tell me of the tragedy of the Duke's previous machine, which has been in the Wrapover family for over two generations. He had resolutely refused to part with it, though rumour has it he has been offered two figures by the Dowager Lady Booserom for it as a coming-of-age present for her grandson.

But one day, when the chauffeur went as usual to get it out of the garage, he noticed that the lock had been tampered with and, on opening the door, the family heirloom was discovered to be missing! The police of five counties were immediately informed, and a description circulated, but it has never been found. The Duke fears that as the centre-bar was extremely loose, and only, in fact, held in place by string, it may have been removed, and the cycle is now masquerading as a lady's machine.

In this case, with all the feminine world in the saddle to-day, there is very little hope that the Duke will ever see his property again. There is no doubt that the war has hit a good many of the great English families in one way or another.

* * * * *

LUNCHING with the new Lady Brigg-Coddling yesterday were so many of Society's brightest and best, that there was scarcely room to put one's bicycle outside.

In fact, I was several minutes late greeting my hostess, while Mrs. "Potts" Rumble, who is the only woman I know who can prop a machine against a curb, gave me a few hints. But there is no doubt that she is in a class by herself. Next to her comes Lady Wrigglesby, who has only let hers crash over twice since the outbreak of war.

I sat between one of the Thark twins—who really are so exactly alike that they can only be identified by the slightly different colour of their rear lights—and Lady Moira Bumford, whose good-looking husband was also there, wearing the new phosphorescent cycle clips which are the rage of Savile Row. One can now go out to dine, even with no moon, without fear of an accident.

*Lady Wrigglesby has only let hers crash over twice. . . .*

*Lord Hempseed had a bad spill leaving the Athenæum the other day . . .*

* * * * *

AND, talking of accidents, Lady Moira told me, what I was very sorry indeed to hear, that Lord Hempseed—who is, of course, her uncle by marriage—had a bad spill leaving the Athenæum the other day.

He was just rounding the corner by St. James's Palace, when he happened to see Sir Eric Gulp, who had been at Eton with him in 1880. The two had done a good bit of cycling in those days it seemed, and had been no mean performers, but neither had touched a handle-bar since then. Seeing his old friend just turning into Marlborough House, however, Lord Hempseed couldn't resist the temptation to put his feet over the mudguard and his hands in his pockets, at the same time whistling a period tune to attract Sir Eric's attention.

He is at present in a Nursing Home, Lady Moira told me, doing splendidly; but the doctors have been unanimous in prescribing a tricycle in future.

*He is at present in a Nursing Home, Lady Moira told me, doing splendidly . . .*

# Four Engagements

Bassano

### The Hon. Valerie Canning

*Dora Valerie Patricia Canning is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Garvagh, of Ashby Hall, Lincoln, and goddaughter of the Earl of Harewood. She came out last year. She announced her engagement ten days ago to Lieut. Antony Wellesley Colley, elder son of Major and Mrs. Wellesley Colley, of Lound Hill, Louth*

Catherine Bell

### The Lady Jean Abney-Hastings

*Lady Jean Abney-Hastings is the second of the five daughters of Major R. M. C. H. Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun. Her fiancé is Edgar W. Wakefield, son of Raymond Cecil Wakefield, and the late Mrs. Wakefield, of 78, Farnham Avenue, Toronto. They will be married in March from her parents' home, Loudoun Castle, Galston, Ayrshire*

Harlip

### Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas

*Sylvia Lloyd Thomas is being married on February 9th at St. James's, Spanish Place, to the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, elder son of Lord and Lady Harlech, of Brogyntyn, Oswestry, and Glyn, Merionethshire. He is a Second Lieutenant in the Gunners. She is the second daughter of the late Hugh Lloyd Thomas, and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, of Compton Beauchamp, Shrivenham, Berks.*

Harlip

### Miss Finola FitzGerald

*Another February wedding will be that of Captain Steuart Phillpotts, Irish Guards, and Finola Fitz-Gerald. They will be married on the 1st, after a short engagement, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, of Buckland, Berks.*

*Overseas Visit: Lady Warrender and Count Ilinski*

*Lady Warrender is president of Poland's Armed Forces Comforts Fund, went to France ten days ago in connection with a canteen scheme for Polish camps. With her is Count Ilinski, of the Polish Military Mission. Lady Warrender wears the F.A.N.Y. uniform. The headquarters of the Polish Comforts Fund, for which she is still appealing and which has 30,000 men in its charge, is at her London house, 32, Charles Street*

# Social Register

*Rumour: Mr. Robert Sweeny and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow*

*According to U.S. rumours, Robert Sweeny, Jr., and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow may get married when her divorce becomes final. Mr. Sweeny, well known here as an amateur golfer, would be the former Barbara Hutton's third husband. They were photographed on their way to watch a tennis tournament at Palm Beach, where Countess Reventlow has a house for the winter season*

*Hospital: the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury and Some Guest-Patients*

*Lord Salisbury offered his Hatfield House to the Government for a hospital as soon as war started. Now it is fully equipped and has received its first sickness and accident cases. Lord and Lady Salisbury, who celebrated their golden wedding nearly three years ago, are living in a few rooms of the great Elizabethan house, part of which dates further back—to 1496. The ward they are in here is King James's Room*

*Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Fremantle (right) were at the West Halkin Street Depot for Knitted Garments for the Royal Navy, where Lady Fremantle is chairman of the Ladies' Committee. One paid and fifty unpaid workers are employed there, and since the end of October over 86,000 knitted garments have been sent to 395 ships. Lady Fremantle is the wife of Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle*

*Gun Crew: Viscount Sandon and the Earl of Shrewsbury*

*Among the latest call-up of the reserve of officers are Lord Sandon and Lord Shrewsbury, and they have been forwarded to an officers' training camp for refresher courses. Members' ages range from 20 to 54; the course includes gunnery; where the two noble cadets, holding respectively the rank of Major and 2nd Lieut., kneel further from the camera behind their engine of destruction*

*Young Marrieds Out: Mr. and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal*

*Raimund von Hofmannsthal and his attractive wife were at the reopening party at the Garter Club (see also p. 100). They were married last summer. She was formerly Lady Elizabeth Paget, is the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's second daughter. His first wife was the former Alice Astor*

*Young Marrieds at Home: Viscount and Viscountess St. Davids*

*Lord St. Davids and his Australian-born wife (she was Doreen Jowett) were photographed in their Sloane Gardens flat. He is now a private in the Royal Engineers, is batman to the Chaplain, chosen because he was the only man available who could drive the Chaplain's car, gets 2s. 6d. a week extra pay for this. He is twenty-two, succeeded in 1938, married the same year, and he and his wife have a year-old son*

*Party: Mr. Robert MacDermot, Miss Diana Morgan, Lady Bartlett*

*There was a party at the Savoy last week to celebrate the return of Carol Gibbons, famous band-leader, from America. Below, the guest of honour dances with his sister-in-law, Mrs. George Ismay. Above are three more guests, Robert MacDermot and Diana Morgan, who are responsible for sketches in both the Gate Revue and "All Clear," and Lady Bartlett, now on the stage under her maiden name, Mary Malcolm*

*Comforts: Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Fremantle*

*Welcome: Mr. Carol Gibbons and Mrs. Ismay*

# Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

## *Ward — Orr*

*Captain Roger Ward, R.E., and Margaret Cecile (Peggy) Orr, only daughter of the late Richard D. Orr, and Mrs. Orr, of 10, Redcliffe Square, S.W.10, were married at Brompton Oratory. He is the younger son of the late Wing-Com. R. B. Ward, R.A.F., and Mrs. Ward, of 18, Abingdon Mansions, W.*

*Fayer*

## *Courtauld — Cook*

*Walter Pierre (Peter) Courtauld, of Wethersfield, Essex, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Courtauld, of the Howe, Halstead, Essex, and Faith Dorothy Caldwell Cook, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Caldwell Cook, of Little Batsford, Gerrards Cross, Bucks., were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road*

## *Peachey — Phillips*

*Donald Mitchell Peachey, of Milford, Surrey, only son of the late Edgar Peachey, and Mrs. Peachey, and Margaret Joan Phillips, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, of the Limes, Kemble, Gloucestershire, were married at All Saints', Kemble*

## *Hobbs — Leslie*

*Squadron-Leader Tom Cuthbert Hobbs, M.C., R.A.F., son of Herbert Hobbs, of 72, Osborne Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the late Mrs. Hobbs, and Helen Leslie, only daughter of the late James Leslie, and Mrs. Leslie, of 5, Douglas Gardens, Edinburgh, were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh*

## *Davenport — Daubeny*

*Captain J. R. Davenport, Royal Artillery, eldest son of the late Major J. A. Davenport, and Mrs. Davenport, of High Trees, Marlborough, Wilts., and Joy Mary Daubeny, elder daughter of the Rev. E. S. Daubeny, of Broughton Rectory, Stockbridge, Hants., and Mrs. Daubeny, of 21, Curzon St., W.1, were married at St. Mary's, Broughton, Hants.*

## *Medlam — Bence-Trower*

*Captain William Louis Medlam, King's Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Medlam, of Redeham Hall, Horley, Surrey, and Joanna Violet Bence-Trower, daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. A. Bence-Trower, of 97, York Mansions, S.W., were married at Brompton Oratory*

*Pearl Freeman*

## *Valerie Lucas*

*Will be married in February to Andrew Mackenzie, son of Colonel and Mrs. K. B. Mackenzie, of Gresford, North Wales. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Lucas, of Arundel House, Seaford, Sussex*

*Bassano*

## *Joan Mary Cansdale*

*Is engaged to Richard Meyrick Hewlett, younger son of Sir Meyrick and Lady Hewlett, of Two Gates, Gerrards Cross, Bucks. She is the only daughter of the late R. H. Mungall, and Mrs. Arthur Cansdale, of 2, Mansfield Street, W.1*

*Lenare*

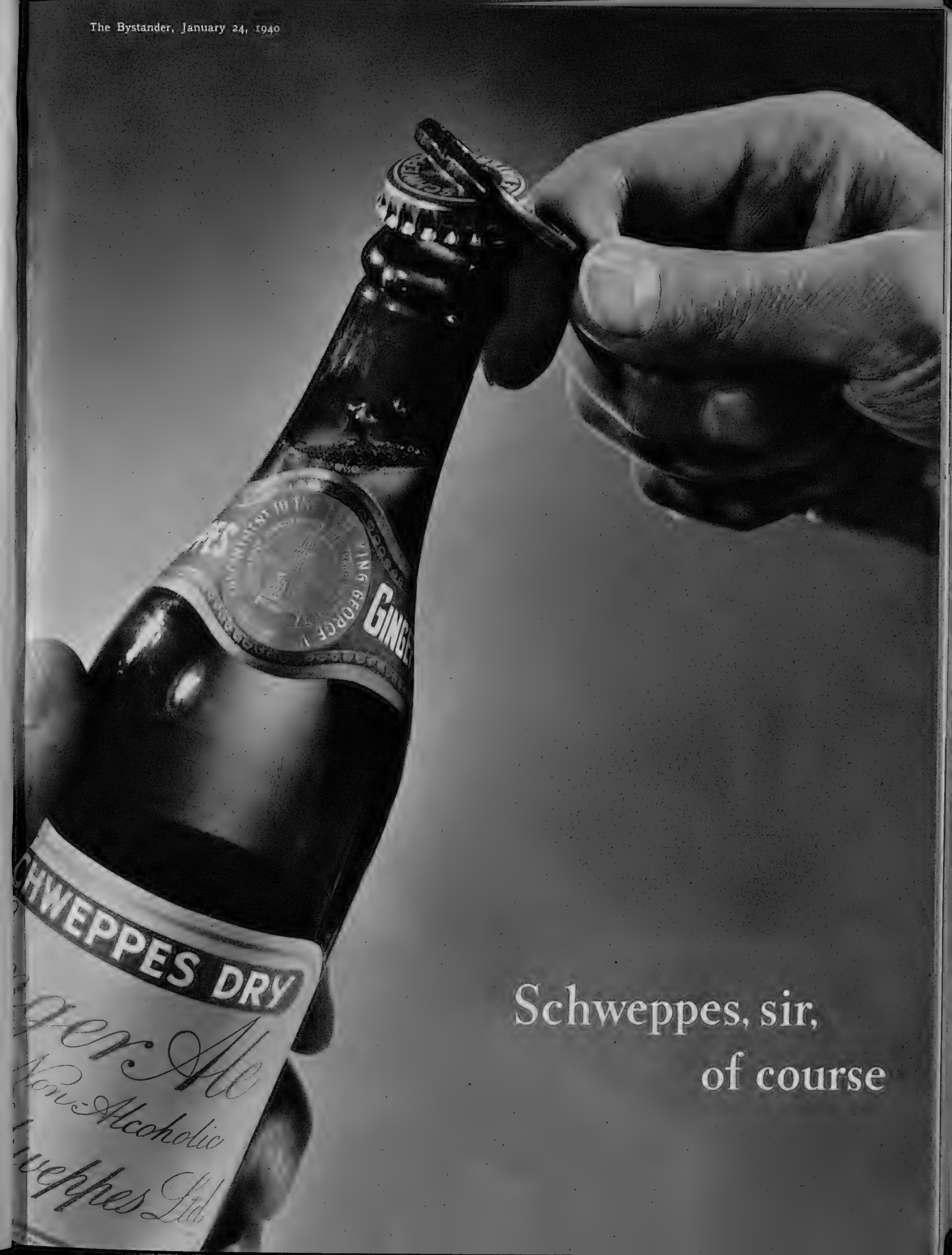
## *Peggy Bell*

*Alison Mary Margaret Bell is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bell, of Carr Hall, Sleights, Yorks., and is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Peter William Stewart, R.N., only son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart, of White Lodge, Bassett, Southampton*

*Pearl Freeman*

## *Diana Drysdale*

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Drysdale, of 24, Sheldon Avenue, Hampstead, and Haddington, East Lothian. She will be married in March to John W. Purseglove, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Purseglove, of the Old Hall, Foolow, Derbyshire. She and her husband will live in Uganda*




Schweppes, sir,
of course

*New meets old: the car is the Ford "Anglia" "Eight," covered by our correspondent herewith*

# Motoring Commentary

## By "Spare Wheel"

SINCE January 22nd the new headlamp rule has been in force, and as there is widespread misunderstanding about it, I think it well to set it out clearly—the more so since a Metropolitan Police notice issued with the new car licences is itself apt to be misleading. The official headlamp mask is not compulsory, but any headlamp used during the black-out hours must comply with certain conditions, which are that the light emitted must not exceed 2·5 foot-candles at a point 10 ft. from the lamp; that its beam on a level road must not rise above the horizontal, and that it must not touch the ground within 10 ft. of the front of the car, or a distance equal to five times the height of the lamp above the ground.

Any lamp which fulfils these conditions is therefore legal, and possibly (though this is doubtful) two lamps may be used, provided their combined light does not exceed the magic 2·5 foot-candles. The so-called official mask was designed by the Home Office experts primarily for A.R.P. vehicles, and then passed to manufacturers for quantity supply for civilian users as well. Fortunately, the authorities recognised that it would limit invention and ingenuity too much to make this particular design compulsory, and that was just as well, for it simply bristles with faults. It lays itself wide open to manipulation and trickery, it is not weatherproof, and it is vilely difficult to keep clean and therefore efficient.

But the worst thing about it is that the 36-watt bulb advocated for use in it only gives 1½ foot-candles, instead of 2½; when we want, for safety's sake, all the driving light we can get, or the law allows us, this official mask, thrust down our throats by the Home Office, robs us of half our rights. Now, nobody without a photometer can tell what is 2½ foot-candles. The police who have to enforce the new law have no means of testing, short of dragging the alleged offender to the nearest electrical laboratory. If they fit their own cars with the standard 1½ foot-candle mask, anyone who uses more light is likely to be run in, although actually within the law.

If the car-owner will get the official mask, see that his reflector is clean and bright, fit a 48-watt bulb (but no stronger), and see that the lamp is carefully aligned not to let the top edge of the beam rise above the horizontal, even with passengers in the back seats, he will find that he has a reasonable driving-light, in which he can see the pedestrians and unlit cyclists, and that he is not causing dazzle to anyone. The amount of dazzle that is being caused is just scandalous, and it is really unnecessary, though I do think the Home Office is largely to blame owing to their mishandling of the problem.

### *Ford's Wartime "Eight"*

A NEW car model in these times is an event. The Ford "Anglia," their new edition of the "Eight," is designed with two aims: first, to suit war conditions at home, and secondly, for the export market. Our motor industry, with Government encouragement, is making a strong push for oversea markets, and with all countries feeling the pinch and wanting economy motoring, and with the German subsidised competition satisfactorily eliminated by the British Navy, the British light car is having a fine innings.

There are no changes in the chassis of the "Anglia," but it has a completely new body, roomier in all dimensions, with the largest luggage-boot of any "Eight," and well equipped and furnished. The price is £126, or £10 more for the de luxe model; sliding roof, £5 extra.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of January 10th, p. 34, we published a picture of the presentation of Lloyd's Gold Medal to Sir Stanley Aubrey, retiring chairman, by Mr. Eustace R. Pulbrook, chairman. Owing to incorrect information supplied by a photographic agency, we described the presentation as taking place to Mr. Pulbrook by Sir Stanley Aubrey; and incorrectly entitled it "Departure from Lloyd's." We much regret these mistakes.


BENTLEY

*After five years' service on Continental Roads*

"During my life as a motorist I have never travelled in a car less fatiguing to drive and enabling one to arrive so fresh at one's destination even on very long trips such as 750 Kms at one go in less than ten hours. This is thanks to the good road-holding qualities of the car, precise steering, good springing, reliability and efficacy of the brakes to say nothing of the remarkable silence and absence of vibration of the car in spite of its power." *Owner's letter from France*

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LIMITED

15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1 MAYFAIR 6201-6

*The Silent Sports Car*

# MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED

*Chairman:* THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
*Deputy Chairmen:* S. CHRISTOPHERSON LEWIS H. WALTERS
*Chief General Manager:* HERBERT A. ASTBURY

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

*December 31, 1939*

| LIABILITIES | £ |
|---|---|
| Capital paid up | 15,158,621 |
| Reserve Fund | 12,410,609 |
| Current, Deposit and other Accounts | 497,701,601 |
| Acceptances and Confirmed Credits | 7,753,907 |
| Engagements | 9,693,446 |
| **ASSETS** | |
| Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England | 57,741,467 |
| Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks | 21,436,321 |
| Money at Call and Short Notice | 26,328,499 |
| Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £46,214,794) | 65,947,653 |
| Investments | 114,455,271 |
| Advances and other Accounts | 220,689,155 |
| Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. | 17,447,353 |
| Bank Premises | 9,631,542 |
| Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd. | 937,500 |
| Shares in Affiliated Companies: Belfast Banking Co. Ltd., The Clydesdale Bank Ltd., North of Scotland Bank Ltd., Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. | 8,101,423 |

A copy of a 32-page illustrated book entitled "THE SERVICE OF THE MIDLAND BANK" may be obtained, on personal or written application, at any branch in England and Wales, or at the

**HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2**

# ST. REGIS

There is dancing in this famous Restaurant every evening, except Sundays, to London's best band.

And here, too, is London's most amusing
CABARET

Unsurpassed cooking and wines. Let "Dini" choose your menu.

CORK ST. & OLD BURLINGTON ST., LONDON, W.1.

*Telephone:* Regent 4030 (15 lines) *Manager:* Captain A. Birley.



# Winter Warmly

Specially reduced terms for long period residence at

# THE GRAND TORQUAY

*Write B. Paul for fuller details*



# CANdid comments by Miss CAN

To tackle nerviness, depression, work-worries and war worries — start right at the beginning. Get rid of the poisons and impurities which lower and drag you down. Take Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning and keep your blood stream fresh, your nervous system steady, your head clear. And like Miss Can you'll soon be full of smiles!

## First thing every morning!

Pour a little Eno's into your hand, slide it into a glass of water—and up it goes! Even as you drink it you *feel* it doing you good, cleansing and refreshing your whole system. Eno's is as pure as fresh fruit. Price 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. Get a bottle to-day.

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

# WHY START THE DAY WITH A HEADACHE?

IF you ever wake up with a headache or a brain that can't seem to concentrate, there 's no need to struggle against it all day. But it 's no good taking something that just relieves the pain. You 're suffering from what doctors call an " acid condition," and you *must* correct that acidity if you 're to feel fit and fresh.

That is why a sparkling glass of ' Bromo-Seltzer ' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a " morning-after," take a glass of ' Bromo-Seltzer '; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will *be* better too. For ' Bromo - Seltzer's ' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. ' Bromo-Seltzer ' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of ' Bromo-Seltzer ' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells, or any Chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.



# BREATHING VAPEX STOPS COLDS

**Attack the cold-cause successfully and miserable effects cease. Vapex does it—safely, sensibly. A drop on your handkerchief . . . deep-breathe the powerful, pleasant antiseptic vapour . . . cold-germs in all parts of nose and throat are destroyed —your head cleared, stuffiness relieved, congestion broken up. Symptoms are soon gone entirely . . . along with germs, cause of all the trouble!**

***From your Chemist, 2/- and 3/-***

V195 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD



**NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION**

(FOUNDED 1839)

**For the relief of distress amongst disabled and aged Members of all sections of the distributing side of the News Trade, their widows and dependent children.**

*Over £9000 is distributed annually in Pensions, Temporary Aid and other forms of assistance.*

**Please send a GIFT to The Secretary, 15/16 Farringdon St., London, E.C.4**


## A Cup of Love *(Continued from page 114)*

bad-tempered he was of late. She had wanted him to go and see the doctor. He seems too lazy to move from here once he 's in of an evening, she said, yet being here annoys him. I 'll see what I can do, said Dr. Glaube, perhaps he needs a tonic. He then left hurriedly and made for the station.

Martin was a pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five, but he seemed troubled about something when the doctor caught sight of him. At his invitation to come in for a drink, Martin said dully, no, thanks, I shall only get it in the neck from Mary if I 'm late. You don't know how lucky you are without anyone to fuss over whatever you do. But the doctor persuaded him (not with any great difficulty), and he was soon consuming a large whisky-and-soda (and Number One) and unburdening himself of some of his troubles. Yet, even while he embarked on a discourse on the restrictions of married life, his mood began to change and, within ten minutes, he was casting about for an excuse to be gone. The doctor noted this with pleasure. He also noted with less enthusiasm that the mouse was sitting on Martin's shoe and looking up at him in a very sentimental way. Martin, however, noticed nothing: he was only too plainly a-flutter to get back to Mary. Dr. Glaube did not keep him and he almost ran down the road, all unheeding of the mouse which followed at his heel.

Now this gave Dr. Glaube to think, and the conclusion he was forced to draw was that his Number One was not of permanent effectiveness. The mouse had already deserted Jeff for Martin. Where was Jeff? The doctor looked in the kitchen and he was not there. He called and he did not come. He called dinner and he still did not come. Then he knew he must be far off and it was not long before he realised that the cat must be with Mary. The latest recipients of the mixture were evidently the strongest attraction. Proof was in Martin's ignorance of the mouse's existence because of his desire to get back to Mary. Dr. Glaube noted with satisfaction their strict attachment to their opposites in sex. He was well pleased and he sat back in his most comfortable chair to consider how soon and how often he would need to renew the doses of Number One and how he was to do it without anyone knowing what he was about.

But he had made one small mistake that was to alter entirely the result of his experiment. It was to alter his own life too, but that is another story. He had not allowed for the time-lag of two hours between Mary's and Martin's introduction to Number One.

Half an hour later the doctor's telephone bell rang and he thrilled to hear Mary's voice. But the thrill was short-lived. She was alone in the house, she said. She had ordered Martin out. The brute, the beast—he had come in with such protestations of love and loyalty, such hot, passionate kisses, there could be only one reason. He must have been unfaithful to her. And this evening, too, for he had been quite normal and unpleasant in the morning. She was overwhelmed by it, for she had felt, since talking to Dr. Glaube over tea, that perhaps she had been a little unkind to Martin of late. And this feeling had grown until she was longing for him to return so that she could win back his affections. And now this had happened. She was in the depths of despair and she had only one comfort—a stray black cat had got into the house an hour or so ago and had shown her a touching affection that compensated her not a little.

The doctor was astonished, then moved, then furious. He was to blame for this, he alone. The injustice of it—that his best intentions, his purest motives should thus be abused. He cursed aloud. And then there were all those damned animals milling around. He was a good man; he had done his best but the best-laid schemes o' mice and men. . . . He thought for a minute; then suddenly made up his mind. He went quickly into the laboratory and mixed himself a good strong dose of Number One. Then he swallowed it in one gulp as though it were vodka and took a taxi to Mary Tallow's.

THE END.

*The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course.** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

## Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

THAT large circle who call John Morrison friend are nowadays feeling it a sad miss that his duties with the R.A.F. make it impossible for him to contribute to their golfing knowledge in the BYSTANDER. That same circle, and many besides, will feel an even greater miss, and most sincere sympathy with him, at the news that his mother, Mrs. Bourn, will never again contribute to their entertainment at those many golfing gatherings where her cheery presence meant so much. The Sunningdale Club, in particular, as her neighbour and friend, are inconsolable. As one of them writes: " She held a unique place in the golfing world, and was beloved by men, women and children alike. . . . She was such an old Pet, we all adored her."

Her passing conjures up so many recollections of times worth living over again. Most vivid is that of the championship at Royal Portrush in 1911, when, before losing the semi-final to the ultimate winner, Miss Dorothy Campbell, Mrs. Bourn had the supreme distinction of putting out Mrs. Temple Dobell, who was supposed to be going to add the name Gladys Ravenscroft to the illustrious company on the cup. What a day that was! Miss Ravenscroft, the darling of half the championship, had beaten Miss Cecil Leitch, the darling of the other half, but at the preposterous hour and place of 2.45 and the twenty-second hole. Arriving on the tee again in record time Miss Ravenscroft failed to settle down, missed putt after putt, and was deservedly beaten by Mrs. Bourn. It was Mrs. Bourn who was nearly in tears. " I can't bear to put you out, my dear," was her characteristic cry, her arm round Miss Ravenscroft's waist, and not all the loser's equally characteristic smiles and declarations that she didn't care one hoot, really seemed to make Mrs. Bourn happy. Next year, when the championship was at Turnberry, Mrs. Bourn played for England, but it was Miss Ravenscroft who won—to their joint satisfaction.

Other vivid recollections of Mrs. Bourn concern the Veteran's championship, which she won the first three times it was played, and again in 1928, and of her speeches at the subsequent dinners. She spoke in fashion only to be expected of the mother of Dale Bourn and John Morrison. Sunningdale, the Veterans, and many others will be the poorer for her loss.

PORTRUSH, connected with Mrs. Bourn as the course of her biggest triumph, is a name that means many things worth recalling. That 1911 visit, for instance: the L.G.U. flooded by a sudden wave of sentimentalism, decided to play the holes as they had been played eight years earlier. The elder brethren, so to speak, of the L.G.U. no doubt enjoyed fighting battles again over spots of pious memory; the lusty young hitters of the day found a magnificent test of golf shrunk to almost puny proportions. Perhaps if the course had been at full stretch Miss Dorothy Campbell, entirely out of practice as she was. . . . Well, perhaps that is ungracious. Let us remember rather the radiant weather, the carpet of wild flowers waiting for the errant, the uncannily accurate short game of Miss Campbell, Miss Bertha Thompson and her generation.

Then there was 1924. Miss Cecil Leitch, struggling to hold a kingdom that was slipping from her, beaten by Miss Joyce Wethered in front of a large and excited crowd; Miss Wethered finally beating Mrs. Cautley in a downpour.

And last 1939; Portrush basking under brilliant sun. Not even fairways baked brown and greens amber could destroy the magnificence of the course as a test of golf; not even the grand persistence of Mrs. Marks keep Miss Pam Barton from regaining the championship.

Sunshine and hospitality. Yes, those are the things of Portrush that seem to linger in mind.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JANUARY

*Name* { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*Address* .....

.....

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1940. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

# PERSONALITY & CHARM
*depend upon*
**PERFECT HEALTH**

NO woman can be at her best when suffering from jarred nerves and general lassitude.

A few treatments with the new Perihel Mixray Sunlamp in the privacy of your own home will speedily tune up the nervous system and invigorate the body with glowing vitality.

**ULTRA-VIOLET** light tans soothingly and efficiently.

**INFRA-RED** heat-rays suffuse the body with a radiating warmth.

This new Perihel Mixray Sunlamp provides, for the first time, a balanced equipment combining the stimulating value of Ultra-Violet rays with the deeply penetrating curative Infra-Red rays.

This British-made equipment is perfectly safe, is guaranteed for twelve months and costs only **£12·12·0**

*Hire Purchase terms can be arranged.*

*The* **Perihel** MIXRAY *Sunlamp*

**ATLAS EXPORTERS & IMPORTERS LTD.**
**24-26, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.**

**COUPON** :—To Perihel Sunlamps, Dept. B.1, Atlas Exporters and Importers, Ltd., 24-26, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Please send fully explanatory booklet describing the value of Perihel Sunlamps.

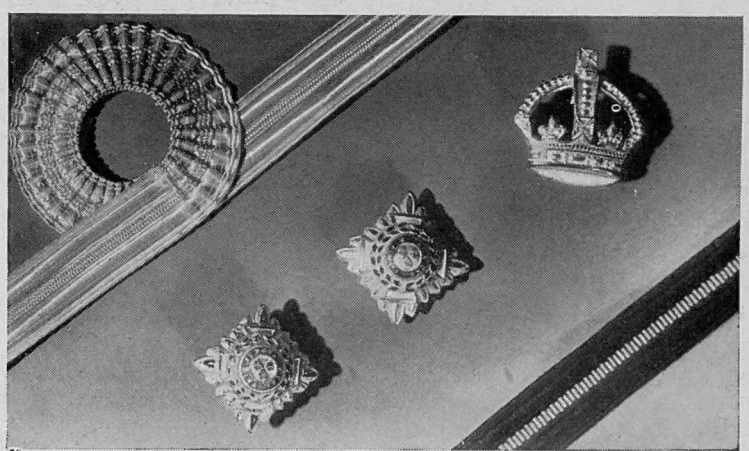
Name .....

Address .....

.....

*Greenwood*





**WE WILL SEND**

# THE BYSTANDER

**TO MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY, AND H.M. FORCES IN FRANCE, AT REDUCED RATES**

**6 Months 19/6** (Post Free) **3 Months 10/=**

**ORDER FORM**

**TO THE PUBLISHER,**
**THE BYSTANDER,**
**32-34, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4**

Please enter a subscription to THE BYSTANDER for the following, in accordance with your special offer to members of the Royal Navy, and H.M. Forces in France, for ☐ 6 months ☐ 3 months.

**NAME** .....

**ADDRESS** .....

**MY NAME** .....

**MY ADDRESS** .....

**SOUND SECURITY**

More important than ever to-day is the significance of the name 'Player' to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
10 for 7°
20 for 1/1½°

*Player's Please*

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC517C

# THE SILENT POOL.

## Has your good name gone into it?

TO pool or not to pool, became a question of vital importance to the community. In a trice the motorist was invited to forget all he knew about his favourite branded "juice," and every town and village pump bade him take to Pool! Here was an example of standardization which everybody agrees is fully justified.

Fortunately, the early months of this strange war have enabled the authorities and business men to assess the relative national values of control and freedom of action, and it now seems clear that the Government is disposed to relax some of the restrictions which stifle courage and energy, which is vital if business is to carry on. Control of material is inevitable; distribution may be re-oriented, but when goods or services reach the selling stage, there must be that free and competitive spirit without which a business structure—big or small—cannot be expected to function to the utmost for the national good.

This aspect of wartime operation is well worthy of reflection by business executives and especially by those whose financial investments have been made in concerns whose product names *were* in themselves an absolute guarantee that money was well and safely placed.

In recent months many good names—great names—profit-making names—have been threatened with obscurity through the undue curbing of prudent advertising expenditure. With proper regard for all war effort; to those who fight, to those who grow and transport our food and to those who make our munitions of war, it is to those who can SELL British merchandise at home and in overseas markets that we must look for the making of money with which to pay the war bill.

Companies whose products are of high reputation need not run the risk of consumer obscurity. If national needs indicate that "spend now" is not a patriotic theme, the institutional and prestige-sustaining campaign is well justified and highly valuable against the happy day when Britain can get back to normal business. A number of great firms are adopting a "holding on" campaign in the great publications of the Illustrated Newspapers Group: The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," The "TATLER," The "SKETCH," The "BYSTANDER," The "SPHERE," The "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" and associated monthly magazine, "BRITANNIA AND EVE."

. . .

In a gale the sapling snaps, whilst the mighty beech and oak stand firm. These great papers have stability which the wars of nearly one hundred years have failed to undermine.

ASK YOUR ADVERTISING COUNSEL

**A BUSINESS OUT OF SIGHT SLIPS QUICKLY OUT OF MIND**

*Announcement by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Telephone: Holborn 5904*